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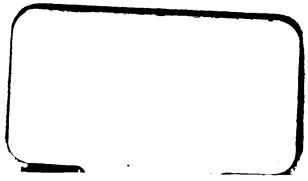

THE

WAYS OF LIFE

SHOWING THE

Right Way and Wrong Way;

CONTRASTING

THE HIGH WAY AND THE LOW WAY; THE TRUE WAY AND THE FALSE WAY; THE UPWARD WAY AND THE DOWNWARD WAY; THE WAY OF HONOR AND THE WAY OF DISHONOR.

BY
REV. G. S. WEAVER,
AUTHOR OF HOPES AND HELPS, MENTAL SCIENCE, ETC.

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From the Library of
Prof. A. P. PEABODY (82)

"Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."—SOLOMON.

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PREFACE.

It is the sad conviction of every moralist that men are too much under the control of their earth-life. The gross, and not the pure, moves them most to action. And the question rings all the time in his soul, "How can the worth and beauty of the spirit-life be presented to them so as to win their love and secure their approving actions?" With the hope of adding a mite to the upward influence, these lectures were written and delivered. That hope was in part realized upon the minds of those who heard them. And the earnest wish of many of them that they might be published in book-form inspired the hope that they might be still more useful. The ocean is made up of drops. So the influence that lifts the world upward is composed of the best thoughts and prayers of earnest and aspiring minds. The style of this little work may be faulty, the thoughts old and not the best, but if the spirit is right, its mission will be good. An

abrupt and plain style sometimes bears thoughts quickest to the seat of judgment. Every book should bear to its reader the conviction that its intent was good—that it was the offspring of an earnest and gracious wish. If it does, it will leave blessings where it goes in proportion to the strength of that conviction. With the hope that such a conviction may fasten itself upon the mind of the reader of this little volume, we commit it into his hands.

G. S. W.

St. Louis, Mo., *January 1st*, 1855.

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THE WAYS OF LIFE.

Lecture One.

PRINCIPLE AND PLEASURE.

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I SHALL here treat *Principle* and *Pleasure* as opposites, though in their last and highest analysis they meet and embrace each other, and Principle becomes Pleasure's highest delight. This is the end where Principle governs. Then Principle becomes a motive to action, and Pleasure a result. The honest man is a man of Principle. He finds pleasure in being honest. It is the result of his principle, and is in harmony with it. In all cases where Principle guides and Pleasure follows, they are in unison; and it may be laid down as a general rule, that Pleasure follows Principle the world over. But Principle never follows Pleasure;

and this is the distinction which I wish to make. Pleasure should always be an effect, and never a cause. Principle should always be a cause, and never an effect. The man of Principle finds Pleasure, but the man of Pleasure never finds Principle.

"Wisdom's ways are pleasantness;" they are ways of Principle, and this makes them pleasant. Principle is wisdom. To know, is not always to be wise. But to know and to *do* from the conviction of knowledge, is to be wise. This is Principle; and its ways are "pleasantness," or pleasure.

I said Principle should always be a cause, that is, a motive to action. Pleasure should never be a cause—never be a motive to action. It should always follow, never lead. We should never do any thing for the pleasure of doing it. "What!" says the worldling, "never do any thing for pleasure, never seek ease, amusement, society, the good things of life, for the pleasure of enjoying them?" No, never. That would make Pleasure a motive, and therefore evil; for where Pleasure is a motive, Principle is forgotten. When Principle steps out, evil steps in.

"But is not man made for happiness—to enjoy life?" I hear one ask. In a secondary sense only. Primarily, man is made for Principle. The end of his being is to do right, to be holy in heart and righteous in life. He was not made to be happy; that would be but a poor end for such a being as man. Just to be happy! Think of it. Were all the worlds and their beautiful garniture made

just to make man happy, to be the toys of this great lubber of a child? Did his Creator make the flowers and birds, and all other beautiful things, just for man to play with—to keep him from crying, and make him laugh? Does God deal with him as a mother with her baby? Then the universe is a nursery on a large scale, and man is an infant at a thousand years old, as much as at one.

I know it is said, and great poets have written, that happiness is the chief end and aim of man's being. But to my mind, this is a crude conception, unworthy of an enlightened mind. In Scripture phraseology, "eternal life" is the end and aim of man's being. "Eternal life" is to know, love, and serve God. To serve him, is to do right, to do good from pure motives; or to express it as Christ did to the Pharisees, it is to love God and man with all our mind and strength; or it is to be swayed, governed, imbued, sustained, and strengthened by the eternal principle of right.

It was for Principle, then, that man was made, to be a Godlike soul, to love and practice virtue, to embody within himself the spirit and life of Christ, to be perfect as his Father is perfect, by becoming his spiritual and immortal child, a perfect son of a perfect Father. In being this, happiness will inevitably follow, for God has joined happiness and obedience, Principle and Pleasure, in the eternal wedlock of cause and effect. But when we attempt to put Pleasure in the place of Principle, happiness in the place of obedience, we commit a great error, both in our philosophy and in our life, and one productive of un-

told evils. To live for Pleasure is to lose life ; to live for happiness is to waste the precious energies of our souls. If we seek Pleasure she will shun us, for she is a coy creature, and will never come when she is sought. But if we leave her pursuit and follow Principle, she will come tripping after with a joyous heart, breathing around us the aroma of her treasured delights. If we do a thing for Pleasure, we miss the pleasure we seek, and waste the energy of soul we have used. If we do a thing from Principle, we get the pleasure that follows, and improve our souls. We may do a thing for Pleasure, and it will prove a curse to us, and do the same thing for Principle, and it will bless us. I may read a work of fiction for Pleasure, and my time will be wasted, my mind dissipated, my feelings corrupted, my moral sensibilities blunted. I may read the same work for Principle, and in all respects be benefited. I may go to church for Pleasure, and have my soul injured by the vacant gaze of my mind at every thing, and the slow hardening of my heart to sanctuary influences. I may go to church from Principle, and though I comprehend not a word of the service, I am benefited, because I have been loyal to Principle. And this fact explains why it is that so many people go to church with so little profit. They go for Pleasure, and not for Principle. Go into a fashionable congregation—how many are there from Principle ? Some go for the pleasure of listening to a popular and eloquent speaker, for the pleasure of being borne on the wings of his vigorous imagination, tickled with his cleverness and wit, or moved to tears by the

pathetic appeals of his magic words. Some are there to hear the charming music; some to see the charming faces; some to show their own charming faces, or their gaudy dresses, and others for the pleasure of the walk or ride. Momentary pleasure is the moving motive with a very great number. A few are there from Principle. Noble souls are they, blest and blessing as they go. Those who go for pleasure can not be expected to get any thing else, and they will be likely to come short in that. Then, if they go for pleasure, they will be quite likely to stay at home for pleasure, when to their pleasure-loving and deluded judgments the chances seem a little more favorable there.

Fanny Fern has some quaintly said things on this subject, which I may be excused for reading just here. It is a Sunday-morning soliloquy. "I wonder if one can't stay at home from church to-day? I've a threatening of a headache—it's uncomfortably hot—it's a trouble to dress. It would be so much more comfortable to sit here in this cool room with closed blinds, *en déshabillé*, than to encounter this hot August sun, and sit down among a handful of people and listen, perchance, to some inanimate preacher, who would drawl out the hymns very much as an ignorant nursery maid might repeat melodies to a sleepy child. Now, here's a nice book to read, newspapers too; and there's that seductive little rocking-chair. Oh! I'll stay at home. No, I won't; it's a bad habit. I always feel happier if I go to church. I always come home wishing I was more of a saint and less of a sinner. The little

trifles and vexations of every-day life dwindle when viewed from Mount Calvary. One thinks tearfully of the hasty word when his meek Saviour is mentioned. Ah! we have need of all these helps to arrest the tide of worldliness which rushes over our spirits through the week. The stupidest preacher utters some truths. If the messenger have a stammering tongue, I'll think more of him, and the Master who sent him. If there are but a handful of people, the more need I should not stay away. Yes, I'll go, and I'll go to the poor man's church, where the pale cheek of labor is not flushed with embarrassment as the robe of plenty sweeps past; where side by side as they should, kneel mistress and maid, in God's presence, of one clay. How soothing is that solemn chant! How impressive are the words of 'Life!' How blessed is the influence of the Sabbath!"

This is strictly a dialogue between Pleasure and Principle. Pleasure was for staying at home, Principle was for going to church. In this instance, luckily, Principle won the day. Would that it were generally so. Pleasure wins the multitude. Trifles keep them from church in search of pleasure. One sleeps too long on Sunday morning; one is too lazy to dress; one is too stupid to muster resolution; one would entertain a friend; another would visit a friend; one would walk in the open air and look at every thing, and see and think of nothing to any profit; one would get up a good dinner as though it had religion in it; one would do worldly business, and so on, through the whole round of supposed pleasure-giving en-

tainments. A sofa, a rocking-chair, a morning paper, a *tête-à-tête*, a warm day, a little threatening of a shower, the last novel—each promise more pleasure than the worship of God. So Principle must be content to play second to Pleasure, or be wholly cast out. Poor Principle! It has a hard chance on Sunday. It will do for the week in trade, but Sunday is Pleasure's day.

Ask a loitering man on Sunday morning if he has any principles of religion.

"Oh! yes, I 'hold' so and so. Thus and so are my church and preacher."

"Well, are you going to church this morning?"

"Think not; it's too late now; can't get ready in time; don't feel very well; little tired; was in a few weeks ago; not many there now; I get too sleepy at church; rather dull music, and poor preaching too; I can *enjoy* myself quite as well at home."

"But how do you sustain your principles?"

"Why, they will sustain themselves. They are strong enough to stand alone."

Thus feel not a few. A poor day for Principle is Sunday. It is more given to Pleasure. Now, the genuine man of principle is as true to his religious principles on Sunday as he is to his business principles through the week; and no trifle turns him from one more than from the other. Religious duty is his business on Sunday, and he is up as early, ready as soon, as active, earnest, and wide awake as on any other day.

The influence of Principle and Pleasure can be as well

seen on Sunday as any other day of the week, and probably better. The business world is quiet on that day, so that Sunday is left chiefly to Pleasure. There are three things which chiefly sway men—Principle, Business, and Pleasure. Business rules through the week, and Pleasure on Sunday, so that Principle is driven into close quarters at all times. This is the way of the world, but it is wrong. Principle should be at the bottom of all our actions, at the bottom of our lives. Upon Principle we should do all our business, form our friendships, conduct our domestic concerns, rear our children, eat our food, clothe our bodies, enter into our amusements, cherish our country, sustain our religion, worship our God, improve our minds, conduct our etiquette. Upon Principle we should do every thing. Not for our especial pleasure, but to sustain what we deem right.

Hap-hazard living is dangerous in the extreme. An impulsive life is a life on a magazine of powder. A life of Pleasure is a bed of withering roses, under which is nothing but thorns and serpents.

The drunkard exhibits one phase of a life of Pleasure. He drinks for the pleasure of drinking. The social glass is the seed of his life of Pleasure. He drinks to friendship, drinks to mirth, drinks to beauty, drinks to chivalry, honor, and glory, drinks to Pleasure in all her forms. The slow-cutting tortures that pierce him through tell that Pleasure is but a fading rose, which serves only to hide long, sharp, poisonous thorns.

The lady of fashion exhibits another phase of a life of

Pleasure, a sacrifice of all that is beautiful and graceful in woman, and all that is noble in humanity, upon an altar where are kindled the fires of jealousy, envy, strife, malevolence, and distrust, to burn within her bosom, destructive of all righteous principle in her heart, and her own usefulness and peace. To seek Pleasure at the shrine of Fashion is as wise as to seek to strike fire on a rock of ice.

The reader of fiction, and the light, trashy literature with which our age abounds, exhibits another phase of a life of Pleasure. His reading brings no peace, is productive of no virtue, abounds in no excellences, is devoid of wisdom, has little common sense, and is as useless as it is dissipating. Such a life is a shallow pool of small circumference, with sandy shore and slimy bottom.

We all of us, doubtless, exhibit much silly living for Pleasure. We eat, and drink, and ride, and visit many places, for pleasure. But when we do it, experience teaches us that we fail to get the thing we seek. If we would get Pleasure we must get it through obedience. The pleasure of appetite comes through obedience to the principle of temperance. The pleasure of dress comes through obedience to the principles of taste, comfort, and convenience. The pleasure of society comes through obedience to the principles of benevolence and affection. The pleasure of business comes through obedience to the principles of usefulness and honesty. The pleasure of home comes through obedience to the principles of affection, kindness, integrity, and order. The pleasure of

reading comes through obedience to the principles of wisdom and virtue, in our choice of what we read, and our application of it to the cultivation of our natures and characters. The pleasure of religion comes through obedience to the principles of the great Teacher.

Every genuine principle of morality or religion is followed by a sweet and holy pleasure. But the Pleasure can only be enjoyed by obedience to the Principle. The man of Principle is he who does every thing because he thinks it is right, and is able to give a reason for his adherence to his principles; who acts not from impulse or pleasure, but from duty. Such a man is a moral Gibraltar, on whose head glistens the sunlight of truth, and at whose feet sleep the waves of peace. His soul is virtue's shrine, his life is the praise of men and joy of angels, and he himself is God's own dear child. Who of us will be men or women of Principle? Will do what is right, whether it seems pleasant or not, and leave the result to God?

Lecture Two.

HONESTY AND POLICY.

The Two Grand Principles of Action—Honesty—The Martyrs of Honesty—Honesty Triumphant—God's Nobleman—The Three Kinds of Greatness—Greatness in Action—Greatness of Intellect—Greatness of Conscience—A New Era—Policy—The Broad Way—Politic Honesty—The Politeness of Policy—Honesty and Policy in Life—Honesty and Pol in Trade, Literature, and Religion—A Bargain with God—Honesty Eternal, Policy Temporal.

THERE are two grand principles of action by which men govern their lives. Some choose one, some the other, while a few try to unite the two, but they will not amalgamate. They are as distinct and separate principles, as are oil and water. They have no affinity for each other. They dwell apart—are antipodes. Put them together, they will not unite. Force them into the same soul, and one will rise to the top and the other will sink to the bottom. One is from beneath, the other is from above. Men choose them at will, as they do their wives. They are *Honesty* and *Policy*.

There are men who choose Honesty as a soul-companion. They live in it, and with it, and by it. They embody it in their actions and lives. Their words speak it. Their faces beam it. Their actions proclaim it. Their hands are true to it. Their feet tread its path.

They are full of it. They love it. It is to them like a God. They believe it is of God. With religious awe they obey its behests. Not gold, or crowns, or fame could bribe them to leave it. They are wedded to it from choice. It is their first love. It makes them beautiful men; yea, more, noble men, great, brave, righteous men. When God looks about for his jewels, these are the men his eye rests on, well pleased. He keeps his angels employed in making crowns for them, and they make crowns for themselves too! Crowns of honesty! To some men they seem not very beautiful in the dim light of earth; but when the radiance of heaven is opened upon them, they will reflect it in gorgeous splendor. Nothing is brighter; nothing is better; nothing is worth more, or more substantial. Honesty, peerless queen of principles! how her smile enhaloes the men who love her! How ready they are to suffer for her, to die for her. They are the martyrs. See them. What a multitude! Some at the stake; some in stocks; some in prison; some before judges as criminals; some on gibbets, and some on the cross. But they are all sustained. They smile on their foes. They have peace within. They are strong and brave in heart. Their souls are dauntless as the bright old sun, and nearly as radiant. But they are not all martyrs. Some of them triumph on the field of strife; some in the halls of science; some in high places of trust and honor; some in all the common walks of life. Wherever they are, they triumph. Victory perches on their banner

An honest man is invincible. He can not be conquered. Come with swords and muskets; he is brave and calm. Come with smiles and praises; he is serene and unmoved in resistance. Come with gifts and money; he still stands a Gibraltar of strength. Intimidation, flattery, force, bribery, are alike powerless against him.

God's nobleman is the honest man. Angels stand by his side and feel proud of his company. There is greatness in his soul, the greatness of principle; such greatness as lifts a man toward God; greatness, by the side of which all the men of policy that ever played the stratagems of war, or managed the game of tyranny, or pulled the wires of promotion, in senate hall or popular forum, are pigmies. An honest man, be his hands hard or soft, be his face sun-burned or study-paled, be he street-sweep or president, is a great man. And his earthly position does not add one cubit to his greatness, nor take one from it. He is great in himself. He is beautiful, brave, and strong. This is the Divine estimate of an honest man. As men grow toward the Divine, they approve this estimate.

There are three kinds of greatness: greatness of action, greatness of intellect, and greatness of conscience. The last is the highest, the greatest. Honest men possess it. These three kinds of greatness have operated upon men's minds in different ages of the world according to their advancement. Long ago men sought to be great on the field of battle, on the gladiatorial stage, or in the knightly tournament. They wrestled and fought.

It was a battle of muscles and will. Some won, some lost. The winners were great in *actions*. After that dawned another age; we may call it the Baconian age. It opened with Columbus, Luther, Bacon, and Franklin. It brought navigation, the printing-press, science, and art, and ushered in the era of philosophy, thought, research, reason. In this age men struggled to be great by the might of their minds and the skill of their hands. Poets, sculptors, painters, philosophers, orators, statesmen, writers, and mechanics have multiplied. They have been led on by the splendor of intellectual greatness.

But there is now another age dawning (so I dare to prophesy), in which men will struggle for principle, for right, for righteousness, for truth in virtue, life, or motive. What mean the voices that speak for right, that proclaim equality, that stand for the higher law and listen to the inward monitor? What mean the deep subterranean tones of the muffled conscience of restless Europe, moaning like the first low utterings of the wind-harps of the forest ere the storm comes on? What mean the breakings away from the old moorings in the bay of Selfishness, of so many all over Christendom, where for ages men have fancied their spiritual barks were safely anchored, ready rigged and manned to sail for the port of eternal peace? Have they not learned that peace is found only in principle, only in an honest heart and a true life before men and God?

The men who feel thus are moved by greatness of conscience. Conscience has not occupied its true place

in the direction of the world. But it is rising. A brighter day is dawning for it. Honest men are multiplying. Honest principles are in the ascendant. Men are learning that Honesty has a power above will and intellect. An honest soul in its still, calm purpose has no superior below God. No threat, no force can daunt an honest man. He is nerved with strength that steel can not reach, that chains can not hold, that prisons can not weaken. It is a cheering thought that such a class of men are among us. Well for the world if the class were larger.

There are men, and their number is not small, who choose *Policy* to guide them. They are honest when they think it Policy to be honest. They smile when it is Policy, though they design to stab the next minute. They speak and act when Policy dictates, but remain silent and inactive when true honor would demand a sacrificing word and action. They are the men who go with the multitude. Jesus was once asked, "Are they few that be saved?" "Enter ye in at the strait gate," was his reply, "for strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it; but wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." The multitude to which he referred, that walked the false way, were the men of policy, the men who lacked principle, who acted from selfish motives, in whom the love of gain, emolument, power, ease, or fame was a ruling principle. The "few" were the honest men, the

men who were true to conscience and to God, though the earth quaked and the heavens grew black. The "strait gate" of Jesus was the Golden Rule; in other words, the law of righteous principle, the soul's integrity. Men of Policy are honest when it is convenient and plainly profitable. When Honesty costs nothing, and will pay well, they are honest; but when Policy will pay best, they give Honesty the ship at once. When they think Honesty is the best Policy they are most conscientiously honest; but when Policy will, in their judgment, serve them a better turn, their consciences change faces very quickly. Their consciences are convenient articles, which can be put to all sorts of uses with equal facility—chameleon-like things, which change with the color of the circumstances around them.

They are the men who can smile and be villains still; who whitewash the sepulcher; who make clean the outside; who give alms to be seen, and pray to be heard of men; who are often just what they seem not to be.

They are your oily men; and sometimes your honey men; and your polite men, yes, polite as Chesterfield himself. Judging from their appearance, you might think they had conceived a marvelous love for you, and were about ready to bestow upon you an immense fortune, or open to you some Elysium of blessedness, just because of the respect they have for you. But mark them, and you will find the Policy at the bottom. Your trade, your influence, your vote, or your friendships for some worldly

purpose, is the object. There is this peculiarity in such men—they overdo their attentions, and overstrain their pretensions and professions. They are everlasting courtiers, sickening to men of honest hearts.

There is an inbred meanness in Policy which makes it contemptible. It is always concealing, covering up, keeping back something that ought to be known. It is very clear that the truth should not be told at all times. It would do no good, and might do absolute harm. But it should always be told when it is essential to fair dealing and good understanding. "The snake in the grass" is a snake, think about him or copy him as we may; and it will not change his character to call him a bird or a hare.

There is another class of men *between* these two who adopt the gray-haired adage, "Honesty is the best Policy." They, no doubt, think they are honest, and gravely assume a great deal of credit for their high-toned philosophy. But why are they honest? Is it because they love Honesty; because it is an eternal principle of right; because they value right above all things else, and will cling to it and live by it for its own sake? Is it because God is honest, and men ought to be, and must be, to be good and perfect men? By no means. They are honest because they think Honesty will serve them best; honest because there is *Policy* in it. It is the idea of the success of the policy that moves them. Let them be convinced that in one instance Honesty would not be the best Policy, and they would resort to some other course. It is Policy they pursue, and not Honesty. They are men of Policy. And

the adage, though intended to convey a truth, tells a falsehood. There is no Policy in or about Honesty. It has no part nor lot, no fellowship nor relationship, with Policy. Honesty is a high-toned, out-and-out love of, and reliance upon, principle. It is inside and out, at your face and behind your back, in God's presence and in the devil's; the same thing, without any thoughts of policy, or stratagem, or success, or any thing else but its own genuine truthfulness and sincerity. In such a principle there is no trace of Policy. If a man is strictly honest, a thought of Policy will never have an origin or a lodgment in his mind. Policy is a stratagem, a ruse, a game, a pretense, a fiction, a something not strictly and necessarily true, a plan for an object, a temporary arrangement, the opposite of an eternal principle of right. How, then, can there be any Policy in Honesty? He who is honest from Policy is dishonest. Honesty is best; but it is not the best Policy, for there is no Policy in it.

Honesty is always, and everywhere, and eternally best. It is hard to make Honesty and Policy work together in the same mind. When one is out, the other is in. Honesty will not stay where Policy is permitted to visit. They do not think or act alike; and never can be made to agree. They have nothing in common. One is the prophet of God, the other of Baal.

In common life we see the two principles at work. Honesty is opened-faced, plain-mannered, simple-hearted, pure-souled. Policy is curtained-faced, courtier-mannered, and serpent-hearted. Honesty is sound to the core;

Policy is hollow or rotten to the rind. Honesty speaks right out; Policy hesitates, considers, makes polite round-about speeches, and expresses an equivocal indefiniteness. Honesty is as good at home as abroad; Policy is most interesting among strangers. With Honesty, familiarity creates respect; with Policy, it breeds contempt. In the market-place, Policy puts the fairest fruit on the top of the measure; Honesty makes it all alike. Policy conceals the blemishes of the animal or article to be sold; Honesty presents the plain truth, the article as it is, the good and bad alike exposed. Honesty shows goods as they are; Policy as they should be. Honesty sells for an equivalent; Policy for what it can get. Honesty believes in quick sales and fair profits; Policy in the sales and profits it can get. The word of Honesty is its bond; the word of Policy is what happens to be for its best. Honesty has one price for all its customers; Policy a price for each customer. Honesty is satisfied with a living profit; Policy, like the grave, cries forever for more. Honesty makes good its agreements without a word of whimpering; Policy cheats a little, whines a little, pleads a hard bargain, fails in time, uses poor material, unskillful labor, makes a bad job, and does every thing but the fair thing to get more than it gives. Honesty marks its goods in plain English or German, as the case may be, so every buyer shall read the price; Policy has a secret mark. Honesty will sell only at a fair profit; Policy will often sell at less than cost, and throw in the buttons and thread at that. Honesty will visit a sick patient so long as is needful; Policy so long as a bill

can be made. Honesty tells his client the true state of his case; Policy tells him the case with reference to the best fees. Honesty edits and publishes the truth, though it pricks the consciences and rebukes the lives of half its subscribers; Policy tells what will be most likely to please the greatest number. Honesty speaks the sins of men and the judgments of God, though every hearer quail; Policy studies to tickle human ears and lull human souls to rest.

All circles and all walks in life give audience to Honesty and Policy. The few are Honest; the many are Politic. The Honest coin is often doubted, because the counterfeit is so rife. The Honest man is often questioned, because the man of Policy has gone before him. The Policy-doctrine has wrought a universal distrust among mankind. No one knows whom to trust. Brothers are afraid of each other. Parties and sects regard each other as enemies, hypocrites, and evil-doers. They can not realize the power of Honesty in a man of different opinion. When moralists adopt no higher maxims than "Honesty is the best Policy," they can not have confidence in each other. When the best Honesty is but a stroke of Policy, who can trust it?

The same prevalence of the Policy-principle is found in the religious world. The religion and life of a man are generally near neighbors. A man's business principles take shape from his religious; and sometimes religious opinions take shape from business habits. A real man of Policy in life will be one in religion. He can scarcely conceive of an honest God, much less of an honest religion

"The loaves and the fishes" stand out before his mind whether the subject be this world or the higher. If he serves God he expects pay for it, and does it for the pay, and the pay is a separate thing from the service. The service is irksome; the pay is pleasant. You can not convince him that the pay and the service are so nearly one, that they can not be separated with regard to either character or time. It is hard to make him comprehend that love brings its own reward, creates its own heaven; that charity blesses itself; that holiness is the medium in which God is always present; that obedience is a state of mind in which blessedness must necessarily exist; that this is God's plan of eternal life and peace. No; he will believe nothing of this; for this is an exact ratio of reward according to merit, a strictly honest plan. He must bargain with God and get the best of the trade. He wants a million of years of rest and peace for every hour's labor; he wants an imperishable crown for perishable services; he wants the free use of God's eternal house forever, for being his steward a few days on earth. Of all bargainers, a Politic religionist is the most exacting and avaricious.

But some men of Policy are worse than this. They are religious for earthly profit; for votes, for influence, for trade, for caste in society, for human confidence. No small number stand in this class. Could we get a peep into the great book where are written human characters and actions, we should be startled to find the names against which is written "Policy-service." The most real, powerful, and blessed thing that can exist in creature-hearts is

religion, but it is little of it that men of Policy possess. Religion is valuable and blessed for its own sake. It is the Father's richest gift to his children. Who would enjoy it, must practice its precepts from honest motives and pure hearts. Its very first precept is one of Honesty. Its worship, its love, its obedience, its faith must be sincere. He who brings not an honest heart to the shrine of religion will find no blessing there. Honesty is an eternal principle in the government of God; a great pillar in his magnificent "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" an attribute of his immortal and glorious being. In man it is a God-like thing, simple in its beauty, grand in its simplicity. "An honest man!" Great eulogium! Crown of immortal worth! Central seed of the tree of life, whose blossom is spiritual beauty, whose fruit is the soul's blessedness! The seed has germinated; the tree must grow; humanity reap, and God must be eternally and universally praised for its glorious fruitage. Honesty must live; Policy must die.

Lecture Three.

RIGHT AND MIGHT.

The Motive of more consequence than the Act—God judges the Motives—Right and Might—Might Childish—Scarcity of True Men—Great Babies—Wealth and Position—Politics—Power—Might in the Garb of Religion—Christ the Model of Manliness—Might and Right in Every-day Life—Might in the Presence of Death—Right and Temporal Distinctions—Right Finally Triumphant.

WHAT is done, is done; and what is to be done, will be done; but *why* done and *how* done, are the questions. It matters not so much, in a moral point of view, whether a thing is done, as *why* it is done. We read history, but intrinsically it is of little importance to us to know whether Thebes had a hundred gates or none; whether Hannibal crossed the Alps, or staid in Africa; whether Napoleon divorced Josephine or never married her, or whether Mary Queen of Scots was dethroned and imprisoned, or not. As facts of history, these can do us neither good nor harm. But it *is* important for us to know *why* these things were done, because the *why* always reveals a human *motive*, gives a reason for human conduct, and opens one of the paths of human thought. Human nature is the same in the first and last century, in the garden of Eden, on the plains of Waterloo, or among the rocks of California. Though conduct may differ, and

generations change, motives remain the same. The first and the last war, the first and the last marriage, the first and last throne, grew out of similar motives. So history is valuable only as a chronicler of the paths of human thought and feeling, as a daguerreotype of the human mind. Who reads it for this is wise; who reads it for any other purpose gets a doubtful benefit. So religiously, the *motive* is the all-important matter; for God asks not what is done, so much as *why* any thing is done. The *motive* is what gives color to action with him. In his great book he writes motives in capitals and actions in small letters; and he writes a multitude of motives with no correspondent actions. They stand as the record of the chameleon complexions of each human soul. They tell its goodness and its badness, its progress up or down.

We often judge unwisely. We approve or condemn men by their actions. But it so happens that many a man whom we condemn, God approves; and many a one whom we approve, God condemns. Here below it often happens that we have saints in prisons and devils in priestly robes. We often view things under a false sight, and pass our judgments accordingly; but God judges from behind the vail, where motives reveal themselves, like lightnings on a cloud.

Now, *Right* and *Might* lie in motive. Personally they answer the questions, *Ought I?* and *Can I?* Some men ask, "Ought I to do this?" Others ask, "Can I do this?" It is the angel that asks, "Ought I to do this?" It is the devil that asks, "Can I do this?"

We all have good and bad in us. The good would do what it ought to do; the bad does what it can do. The good dwells in the kingdom of Right; the bad sits on the throne of Might. Right is a loyal subject; Might is a royal tyrant. Right is the foundation of the river of peace; Might is the mother of war and its abominations. Right is the evangel of God that proclaims the "acceptable year of the Lord;" Might is the scourge of the world that riots in carnage, groans, and blood. Right is the arm of freedom made bare and beautiful in the eyes of all the good in heaven and earth; Might is the sword of power unsheathed in the hand of oppression. Right gains its victories by peace; Might conquers only by war. Right strengthens its army by the increase of all its conquered; Might weakens its force by every victory, as a part of its power must stand guard over its new-made subjects. Right rules by invitation; Might by compulsion. Right is from above; Might from below. Right is unselfish; Might knows nothing but self. Right is for the whole; Might is for one. Right is unassuming; Might is pompous as a king. Right is instructive; Might is dictatorial. Right reasons like a philosopher, and prepares the ground on which it sows; Might stalks on like madness, reckless of every thing but the end sought. Right is a lamb, cropping buds and flowers to make itself more beautiful; Might is a tiger prowling in search of prey. Right is a moralist resting in principle; Might is a worldling seeking for pleasure. These are inward principles contending with each other in every human soul.

Might comes first, because it is earthly. The child's first resolve is one of Might. "I can and I will," he says. Might is born in the flesh; Right is the child of conscience. Children do what they *can*. Men do what they *ought*, when they act from manhood. Some children never become men in this word; they never "put away childish things." We become men in proportion as we "put away childish things" and adopt manly things. It takes something more than bone and muscle to make a man; something more than form and strength. Two hundred pounds of bone and blood and sinew molded into the human form and walking about do not make a man. Manhood is within. It is not seen, but felt. It is soul doing right. Children are made up of flesh and blood, with soul in subjection to it. Men are made up of flesh and blood in subjection to soul. It is manhood for the soul to rule the body. It is childhood for the body to rule the soul. Most men are children. We have none of us wholly outgrown our childhood. We have not entirely "put away childish things." Great babies are walking about among us most plentifully. Full-grown men are scarce. Few men say, "I ought to do this, therefore I will do it." The most say, "I can do this, therefore I will." Many times every day most men do as children do in violation of the right. Here is a child possessing and enjoying a toy. Another child wants it. The first question with him is, "Can I get it?" If he can, he takes it by main strength. But if his strength is too small, he must put Might to work in another direction. First, he

tries stratagem. If this fails, he coaxes. If this don't answer, he disparages the toy, says it is good for nothing. If he does not yet get it, he seeks to buy it with less valuable toys. Thus he employs Might all the way through to accomplish his selfish end.

Here is a man possessing great wealth. See how he is surrounded by other men, eager for a morsel of his riches! "Where the carrion is, there will the eagles be gathered together." He must hedge himself about with a triple wall of brass, or he will be robbed of his money or goods. The might of his neighbors will play the chameleon, the hypocrite, the courtier, or any thing else, to get a few moments' admittance to his coffers. They will do just about as the child did, any thing to accomplish the end. Another man holds a high position. If he can keep it he may thank his stars, for a thousand other men are trying their Might against him. He retains his office by Might, and they do battle against him by Might. It is all a question of Might. The best wins. Victory is with the best player at the game. Just like children, they all strive for the prize.

How is it in politics? Every country has its party politics. Who plays on this stage—Right or Might? It is true Right is at hand, and tries to act a part in the grand drama. You see her flit like a spirit through the scene now and then. But she is chased by a thousand vampires. She sometimes pops in her head and tries to put in a word edgewise, but Might's thousand brawlers drown her "still, small voice." Might has the political floor a

good share of the time, and he often cuts such figures before high Heaven as make angels blush.

Might is a greedy lover of power, and in his greediness he gorges so much as to breed disease in his country's vitals. This is the reason why nations are so short-lived, why governments are so spasmodic. All countries and governments have fallen by diseases engendered by the reign of Might. Greece died of typhoid fever, from excessive luxuries implicating her whole nervous system. Rome had chronic fits from the same cause. France has had the fever and ague for many generations. Russia is troubled with a rush of blood to the head. Turkey has a plethora, giving a dropsical tendency. Germany has the gout. England has similar symptoms, while our own country is sadly bilious from intemperance and bad air. All these national diseases are engendered by the reign of Might over Right. They have all said, "I can, and so I will," not asking whether they *ought*, or not.

The political arena has always been the great field for the display of Might. Power has been sought and Right murdered to attain it. So general is this fact, that the political and moral codes of nations are no more alike than Heathenism and Christianity.

Nor is Might thus circumscribed in its reign. It has invaded the domain of religion. Many a man wears a black coat, or a pious face, because he hopes thereby to obtain power. The tyranny of faith is as absolute as the tyranny of the sword. Weak, puny man, mitred as a religious leader, often covets Might more than Right, and

uses it to the detriment of human souls. The bigot wields the scepter of Might. Prejudice, superstition, intolerance, pharisaism are the children of Might. Sectaries toil for victory. They are men of Might. These are all born of the flesh, and belong to the childhood of man. When manhood comes on we shall put them off. In Christ they are neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, white nor black, but one in the liberty, spirit, and truth of the gospel; one in the great Right. We approach manhood as we approach Christ. He is the divine model man, the embodiment of the Right. All that belongs to clans and sects, to bigots and Pharisees in religion, grows out of Might, and has no part or lot with Right. Keep out of the hands of a sectary. He will put the screws upon you in as little time as possible. He will have your faith on the rack; your opinions will be thrown into the creed-hopper to be ground out to order, and your worship he will make keep time to his sectarian clock. All false religionists put a check on thought and curb investigation. "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free," is the command of the gospel. It is a gospel of liberty. "Be fully persuaded in your own mind;" it is a gospel of research and personal responsibility. "Prove all things;" it is a gospel of trial, as by the fire of argument. We may know the false teachers, then, by this; they wield the sword of Might over their associates. They put fetters on human souls that God has made free.

Might is seen sitting on his sinful throne in all the

walks of society. The rich wield the might of their wealth over the poor, and the poor watch for their opportunity to strike back. Companies oppress individuals. Men in authority are often gods on a small scale. Tradesmen worry each other in traffic, like dogs biting each other for mastery. Professional men strive on the arena of public life for victory, which, when gained, shows them to be tyrants. The proud lord it over the humble; the strong sit on the backs of the weak; the great make the small lift them up that they may appear greater. The fortunate make game of the misfortunes of their neighbors. The rising kick the falling as they go down.

It is on land as it is in the sea: the great fish eat the smaller; the smaller eat the minnows; the minnows eat the pin-fish, and the pin-fish eat the animalculæ, and all just because they can. This is Might everywhere oppressing, just because it has the power.

Now in all this wide realm of Might there is only unmitigated meanness. To oppress just because we can, is rank animalism. What if my brother is weaker than I? He is a man, a brother for all that. What if fortune has lifted me higher on her wheel than my neighbor? He is my neighbor still. What if you sit on a throne and I on a dunghill? Have I not a heart to be blessed and a soul to be saved as well as you? What if my skin is black, yours is red, our next brother's is yellow, and the next is white, are we not all of one blood, and does not the great eternal Right claim us all as his children?

Place the king and the beggar on a lone island, shorn of all the world has given them, and who will tell which is the king? Lay the millionaire and the day laborer on the bed of death, and which is the richer? Then nothing will be valuable but Right. Here is the empire in that dread hour. Might hides abashed in her awful presence. Might is a short-lived sinner. His days are numbered, his doom is pronounced. Proudly as he has swayed his guilty scepter over men, and meanly as he has approached and scourged the children of earth, his brow must be branded. "Tried, and found wanting," must be written on his face. His power is held in guilt; it will dissolve in weakness. He was born of the flesh; is only a childish weakness of which we, who call ourselves men, ought to be ashamed; must die with all temporalities, and yield up his victims to the peaceful and glorious tutorship of eternal Right. Might possesses no intrinsic power, no inborn authority. Its force is only the pressure of greater gravity. All authority and all power lie in Right. In the presence of Right the weak and the strong are equal. The philosopher and the savage are entitled to the same consideration. The trappings of life count nothing, weigh nothing, in the scales of moral justice. Mind is mind, soul is soul, virtue is virtue. Right never has learned that there is any difference in the color of men. She can never see a throne as such, or understand that it is any different from a lady's rocking-chair, or a child's hobby-horse. She does not know that a statesman is different from a street-

sweep, or that a minister is entitled to any more consideration than a drayman, simply from calling. She looks with as sweet a smile upon a kitchen girl as upon "my lady" of the palace. Temporal distinctions will not cast a shadow in the eye of Right. She is not to blame, for the truth is, she can not see them. The things we wear, the dollars, and eagles, and farms, and houses we try so hard to get from each other, she sees but only as the playthings which children quarrel over. Whether we have them or not, it is all the same to her. And she looks upon all the machinations of Might, in its struggles for these baubles, as fever-fits in men's minds which entitle them to pity, but not to respect. Might belongs to this world; but Right is of heaven. She is the eternal Lawgiver, who hath framed the government of the eternal spheres, and established the statutes of the Most High. It was from her lips that the "Golden Rule" of the gospel came. She sat enthroned in the mind of the Divine Jesus, and laid her hand in benediction on the chosen twelve. It is her commission to overcome the armies of Might, to deliver them from the servile bondage of oppression, and bring them into the liberty of truth and justice.

What childish freaks the lovers of Might play before high Heaven! How chains clank, whips crack, tall forms come down to the dust, the earth grows bloody, and countries groan under the weight of thrones! Right is charged with authority to put an end to all this. All authority comes from Right. Might has power, but not

authority. But its power is short-lived. It is outward and material. It touches not the conscience. This is the realm of Right. She outlives the material. Eternal years are hers. When her reign is established, there will be no Might save the force of authority. Right will be the law and the power, the strength and the glory of all. Glory and honor and power be unto Right!

Lecture Four.

SHOW AND SUBSTANCE.

Impotence of Show without Substance—Show often mistaken for Substance—Living Lies—Show of Morality—Religious Pretension—Christianity Built on Substance—Mere Show leads to Ruin—Substance without Show—The Wind—Electricity—Human Greatness—Love, Patriotism, and Religion—Substance and Show—Superficial Aspects—Character and Life—The Workman and his Work—True Worth and its Expression.

THE radical ideas represented by Show and Substance are very different; yet in the world one is often taken for the other. The former is well enough in its place, but it makes a poor substitute for the latter. Moonshine looks well, and makes a fine show, but when it is substituted for sunshine, it is found sadly deficient. It is minus nearly every thing substantially valuable. It will not ripen a peach, expand into bloom a rose, nor cause a corn-ear to grow. It will not stir a current of air, nor warm the land, nor lift a cloud above us to give the earth its morning shower-baths. If the earth were bathed in perpetual moonshine, with no sunshine, it would lie in it like a corpse in its winding-sheet. It would be a dead, round world, hung in the sepulcher of eternal silence. Not a wave would rise on its sleeping oceans, not a shrub would deck its dead, old mountains, not a breath would move its stagnant

air; but, yet it would make a gorgeous show. Its mountain pillars, with their bare, old heads and jagged brows and cragged sides, standing away up in the cold, dazzling light, with its broad, silvery-faced seas sleeping at their feet, would look like the tombstones of departed ages standing over the dead tenants of the magnificent cemetery of coffined centuries. It would be a splendid show, lacking the essential substance of life. Show and Substance are often united, as an object and its shadow, the sun and its glory, the soul and body, mind and its outward actions, love and its face of sweetness. And on this account men have associated the two so closely together, as often to mistake the one for the other, and hence have sought for Show as though it were Substance; and deceivers have put the former in place of the latter to cheat the word thereby.

Show paints the hypocrite's face and wags the liar's tongue. To discriminate between Show and Substance, to determine what is Show and what is Substance, and what are Substance and Show, is a work of critical judgment, and one upon which the excellency, majesty, and strength of our life in no small degree depends. There is Show without Substance, there is Substance without Show there is Substance and Show together.

I. Show without Substance is a word without meaning, a body without soul, powder without ball, lightning without thunderbolt. It is dress on a doll, paint on sand. There is much of this in the world. We see it in respect to every thing considered valuable. The counterfeiter gives the show of gold to his base coin, and the show of value

to his lying bank note. The thief hangs out the appearance of honesty on his face, and the liar is thunderstruck if any body suspects him of equivocation. The bankrupt carries about him the insignia of wealth. The fop puts on the masquerade of dignity and importance, and the poor belle, whose mother washes to buy her plumes, outshines the peeress of the court. Many a table steams with costly viands for which the last cent was paid, and many a coat, sleek and black, swings on the street and in the saloon on which the tailor has a moral mortgage. Often do the drawing-room and parlor, the wardrobe and coach, speak of wealth and standing when, if they were not dumb deceivers, they would cry out, "It's all a lie." This is Show without Substance in domestic life. It is the grandest lie of the world, and cheats more poor people out of their birthright than any other one species of wicked show. All their thoughts, and labors, and money, and credit are spent to fabricate a gorgeous cheat to the world, to make themselves appear to be what they are not; when, if they would be honest, and labor for the true substance of life, they might be, in reality, what they are clownishly aping. They cheat their souls out of honesty, and a respectable and comfortable moral character, their bodies out of the substance of a good living, themselves out of a good name among their fellows—yea, they cheat every thing but the very world they intend to cheat. That world sees through their gossamer show, and laughs at the foolishness which seeks to conceal a want of substance.

Nearly all the men in our country talk as though they

were real, live democrats; but all the way up, from the street sweep to the president, there is an eager, awkward aping of something a little aristocratic—a striving to run up the colors of Show a little higher than Substance will warrant. You may see it in the slave, the hired servant, the day-laborer, the trafficker, the mechanic, merchant, the professional man, the statesman, and, too frequently, in the minister of the gospel. It is a general sin, to which there are but few exceptions; a great falsehood, which almost every man is striving to make greater. This great evil turns society into a grand show-room, in which the most dextrous show-master wears the tallest plume. Besides the sinfulness of the thing, it is a great domestic bane. It makes the poor poorer, and the rich more avaricious. It causes almost every body to over-live, over-dress, over-eat, over-act in every thing that will make a show. It is a great root of selfishness, a great weight of oppression, a great sink of meanness, a great burden of woe, a great cloud of despair. In the world of thought the same ambition for Show without Substance is visible. Ignorant men make astonishing efforts to appear wise. Unlettered men mouth hard words and guess at erudition, and puff themselves up to the bursting point with scholastic dignity. They try to conceal their ignorance with as many feats of show as a master of jugglery can perform. They show the little they do know, and then try to spread it over the whole field of human knowledge, till it becomes so thin and transparent that every body can see that it is all Show without Substance.

Substance generally shows itself, and every attempt to make it appear more than it really is, makes manifest the hollow form of show. Ambitiously paraded crudities look badly. Their show excites laughter in mirthful minds, disgust in minds of strong honesty, and pity in those of benevolence. A scholastic swagger is a strong emetic to men of good sense. There is much of this in the world. It is Show without Substance.

We see not a little of this same puff-ball pretense in matters of morality. There are scores of mock philanthropists in every community. They talk large, swelling words of benevolence so continually, that one might think their pockets were charity-boxes, and their hands angel censers to distribute alms among the poor. And then, what a show of honesty! It would make one think that truth had embodied itself and become a sort of Christ in the flesh. Such men would carve integrity into statuary and write it in poems and speak it in orations, but are the last to embody it in life. If they possessed the Substance they would not make such effort to exhibit the Show. True worth is modest. It retires to the corner and shuns the open center. It comes out only when pressed out by duty. It has a quiet manner, a low, guarded voice.

But Show is seen first and heard loudest. In morality it talks most of the public good; is noisy in plans and theories and denunciations. It abuses the wicked, denounces the erring, despises the vile, christens the unfortunate with hard names, and completes the Pharisee by a careful and systematic display of its own excellences. It

seems to be greatly interested in others, but its efforts to display that interest prove a profound selfishness at the bottom.

Then in religion, the same melancholy exhibition of Show without Substance meets the careful observer at every point. Pretension! profession! how haughtily they stride into the kingdom of the lowly Redeemer, and usurp the highest seats, and put on the robes of sanctity, and sing the hymns of praise, and utter aloud, to be heard of men, the prayers which the spirit ought to breathe in silent and childlike confidence into the ear of the listening and loving Father! How they build high domes of worship with velvety seats and golden altars and censers and costly plate and baptismal fonts by the side of squalid want and ragged poverty! How their mocking prayers mingle with the cry of beggary, the curse of blasphemy, the wail of pain and the lewd laugh of sensuality! How mournfully their organ-chants of praise, bought with sordid gold, go up from the seats of worldliness and pride, and how reproachfully the tall steeples of cathedrals and synagogues and churches look down on the oppression and pride and selfishness which assemble below them, and the slavery, poverty, and intemperance which pass and repass their marble foundations! Oh! shade of religion, where art thou? Spirit of the lowly Bleeder on Calvary, hast thou left this world in despair? Comforter of the mourning, Dweller with the s uful, how long shall these things be? Religion is made a show-bubble. Pride is her handmaid and selfishness her leader. What a tawdry show they make! And who

believes the Substance is equal to the Show, the root as deep as the tree is high, the foundation as firm as the structure is imposing? Nowhere does Show more wickedly usurp the dominion of Substance than in the realm of religion. In the world we might expect to see Show without Substance. But the true religion is above the world. "My kingdom is not of this world," said its Founder. It has a world of its own. It is built on substance. But men have sought to make it a world of show, to carry the deception and Pharisaism of this world up into the Redeemer's world, and palm them off there for the golden reality that shall be admitted to heaven. But poorly will Show answer for Substance at the bar of God. No coin but the true one passes there. No gilding will hide the hollowness of a false soul. No tawdry displays will avail with that Eye whose glance, like a sword, pierces to the heart. All is open there. All Show without Substance is vanity; worse than vanity. It is sin. It is a gilded lie, a varnished cheat. It is proof of hollowness within, the sign of corruption. Yea, more; it is itself corrupting, a painted temptation. It lures men away from the substance; wastes their energies on a shadow; wins their affections to fading follies, and gives them a disrelish for the real, the substantial, and enduring. Who can expect that God will not hide in every hollow show intended to deceive, a sharp, two-edged sword that shall cut with disappointment and pierce with inward, wasting want?

Show without Substance has drawn the red plowshare of ruin through the prospects of individuals, communities,

and nations. It has corrupted its millions. From the family to the cabinet it has sown its seeds of deception and reaped its harvest of lies. And still it is luring us all, and in ten thousand little ways we exhibit in Show what we have no warrant to pretend to from Substance.

II. I said, there is Substance without Show. It is even so. In God's great house of natural industry the most efficient agents in the performance of their natural functions work steadily and powerfully onward, without any show. Among her elements, in the secret laboratory over the door of which is written, "No admittance" to human eye, are at work the busy and numerous gases, powerfully and rapidly evolving the solid framework of nature, as well as the delicate finish which garnishes and garlands her glorious temple. They are eternal Substance without Show. Coming out, we find the whole outward temple swept by the viewless plumes of the wind. Over every continent, island, and ocean she shakes her ethereal pinions, and whirls, dashes, plays, shrieks, and moans among her strong mountains, and forests, and waves, tossing, and tearing, and upturning, as in lawless sport or maddened fury, in proof of a powerful Substance without any Show.

Examining a little closer, behind the wind and the elements, we find a still more ethereal agent working, with a still more wonderful power, and evolving its results from a still deeper mystery. It seems to be the nervo-vital fluid of the body of Nature. It never shows itself, save

when in fits of sport or moods of anger it flashes and rattles among the clouds for a moment, and then retires to its unseen caves. Here is a sublimely wonderful Substance with no Show, when in the performance of its natural functions.

The most valuable and imperishable things in nature have Substance without Show. It is equally so among men. The largest, noblest, most valuable qualities of manhood are not showy. And the largest and noblest men are alike unshowy. Conscious of possessing the Substance, they care little for the Show. Great worth is modest and retiring. The more a man has to enjoy in himself the less he cares to become a showman for others. Charity loves to accomplish its mission in secret. Honesty is content to be honest without heralding its own virtue. Love is timid in the open world; she delights in the sweets of domestic retirement. Humility dwells in a sequestered spot, the hermit of the vale. Worship loves most the closet or the still grove for its altar. The noblest patriotism is that which honors its country with a dutiful life, and the best religion is that which does its alms and pours its prayers so far from ostentation, that its left hand knows not what its right does. The purest integrity is that which walks in duty's path for duty's own sake, and the most hearty goodness is that which does its work for the sake of goodness. All this is Substance without Show; and it is the very essence of righteousness, the vitality of morality, and the life-blood of religion. Substance without Show is the highest form of moral life,

the nearest approach to the heavenly, the first step fully and fairly in the realm of the spiritual.

III. I have said, there is Substance and Show together. This, too, is true. Man is a microcosm, an epitome of the universe; what is true of the universe is true of him. He is the spiritual daguerreotype of the great outward world. In this outward world Substance and Show are often united. This is especially true of superficial aspects. The sun, an opaque body, shines with a glorious show. The moon, a dense and dark globe of solid matter, glitters in gorgeous splendor. The stars are other suns and other worlds lit up with the torch of unapproachable magnificence. On our earth the broad sea shines with the reflex of the bending heavens; the tall mountain shows its mingled work of rock and tree, and light and shade; the prairie glows with its living gems of flowers, and the forest waves in matchless grace. In all these Substance and Show are united. But Show is always based on Substance; there is no Show without Substance. But where Substance and Show are united, they are simply the result of superior forces which lie behind them, which are Substance without Show. So in man. Our characters may and should be seen. Our lights should be set on bushels. Our wisdom should shine in our lives; our love should breathe in our acts; our prayers should be heard in our daily piety of deed; our taste should write itself on our outward forms, chisel itself in our homes and public edifices. We praise the poet when he embodies nature in a poem. That poem is but the

outward Show of the poetic Substance within him. The sculpturer's statuary is the Show of the profoundest Substance in his character. The religionist's prayer and song are the Show of his highest Substance of will and love. The mechanic's work is the outward Show of his inward Substance. So our dress, our houses, our equipage, and style of life and manner of address, if truthful, are but the Show of the Substance we possess in and of ourselves. And so far as all these are the simple reflex of our real substance, they are truthful and right. Taste is as much a real Substance as beauty is a real Show. The two are the legitimate correspondents of each other; they are halves of the same golden whole. And religion recognizes them as readily as philosophy. Religion can never clothe all men in drab, nor domicile them in the same form and style of dwelling, nor cut their garments after the same pattern, nor mold their manners to the same etiquette. Religion asks that men should be truthful, and yield their spirits to the superior law of eternal Substance which is without Show, and then that the fashioning which shall follow shall exhibit itself truthfully, humbly, and happily in the daily life.

The sum, then, is this. Show without Substance is vain, foolish, and wicked. It is a species of deception and dishonesty, which leads others astray, and dwarfs and corrupts the soul that uses it. It is a species of wickedness widely practiced and wofully ruinous. Few are they whose garments are wholly free from its stain. Substance without Show is that essence of goodness which

originates with the Divine Fountain, that root of purity, that fount of righteousness which is a law unto itself, the first and highest form of spiritual force; such as dwelt in Jesus; such as exists in the fullness of infinity in God; such as some great and pure souls feel; and such as makes heaven the glorious place it is. Substance and Show together consists in the possession of real worth with its honest expression; of divine qualities with their humble but faithful exhibition—an exhibition not for the mere purpose of show, but for the good they may do. It is that form of moral life, attainable by all, useful to all, between the abstractly spiritual and the sensualistic material, which leads along the beautiful path of the Redeemer's kingdom below, and is a meet preparation for the eternal home above.

Lecture Five.

LUCK AND PLUCK.

Early Impressions of Luck—Luck *vs.* Law—Proverbs—Law, and not Luck, Governs the World—We gain nothing by Chance—Some Seek for Luck in Far-off Places—Some Stay at Home for Luck—The Do-Littles—Bad Philosophy—Luck and Dishonesty—Pluck is the One Thing Needful—There is Luck only in Pluck—How Luck is Lost—Pluck and Reform—Wealth and Honors Useless unless Earned—Labor and Luck.

THESE are common words, and suggest a common subject. We are common men and women, and wish to take a common view of it.

Since we were boys and girls we have heard of *Luck*. Our fathers and mothers talked of good luck and bad luck, of lucky and unlucky days. What was meant we did not exactly understand, nor is it probable they did; but the most vivid impression conveyed was, that things *happened* so and so; some happened well and some happened ill, without any particular cause; or, in other words, certain things *chanced* to be as we wished, while certain other things *chanced* to be contrary to our desires, undirected by any steady and unvarying laws.

The word Luck is suggestive of a want of law. This idea has passed into many common proverbs, such as these: "It is more by hit than good wit;" "It is as well

to be born lucky as rich;" "Fortune is a fickle jade;" "Risk nothing, win nothing;" and more of a similar import, all ignoring the grand rule of law, and resting upon the atheistical idea of *chance*.

Our fathers were good, religious people, and did not mean to foster atheism when they talked about Luck, and gave a half-way assent to its Godless reality. If the universe were an infinite chaos; if order had no throne in its wide realm; if universal law were a fable of fancy; if God were a Babel, or the world a Pandemonium, there might be such a thing as Luck. But while from the particle to the globe, from the animalcule to the archangel there is not a being or a thing, a time or an event, disconnected with the great government of eternal law and order, we can not see how such a game of chance as the word Luck supposes can be admitted into any corner of the great world. Luck! What is it? A lottery? A hap-hazard? A frolic of gnomes? A blind-man's-bluff among the laws? A ruse among the elements? A trick of dame Nature? Has any scholar defined Luck, any philosopher explained its nature, any chemist shown us its elements? Is Luck that strange, nondescript unmateriality that does all things among men that they can not account for? If so, why does not Luck make a fool speak words of wisdom; an ignoramus utter lectures on philosophy; a stupid dolt write the great works of music and poetry; a double-fingered dummy create the beauties of art, or an untutored savage the wonders of mechanism?

If we should go into a country where the sluggard's

farm is covered with the richest grains and fruits, and where industry is rewarded only with weeds and brambles; where the drunkard looks sleek and beautiful, and his home cheerful and happy, while temperance wears the haggard face and eats the bread of want and misery; where labor starves, while idleness is fed and grows fat; where common sense is put upon the pillory, while twaddle and moonshine are raised to distinction; where genius lies in the gutter, and ignorance soars to the skies; where virtue is incarcerated in prison, while vice is courted and wooed by the sunlight, we might possibly be led to believe that Luck had something to do there. But where we see, as we everywhere do in our world, the rewards of industry, energy, wisdom, and virtue constant as the warmth in sunlight or beauty in flowers, we must deny *in toto* the very existence of this good and evil essence which men have called *Luck*.

Was it Luck that gave Girard and Astor, Rothschild and Gray, their vast wealth? Was it Luck that won victories for Washington, Wellington, and Napoleon? Was it Luck that carved Venus de Medici, that wrote the "Æneid," "Paradise Lost," and "Festus?" Was it Luck that gave Morse his telegraph, or Fulton his steamboat, or Franklin the lightning for his plaything? Is it Luck that gives the merchant his business, the lawyer his clients, the minister his hearers, the physician his patients, the mechanic his labor, the farmer his harvest? Nay, verily. No man believes it. And yet many are the men who dream of Luck, as though such a mysterious

spirit existed, and did sometimes humor the whims of visionary cowards and drones.

Many are the young men who waste the best part of their lives in attempts to woo this coy maid into their embraces. They enter into this, or that, or the other speculation, with the dreamy hope that Luck will pay them a smiling visit. Some go to California, or Australia, or the "Far West," or to the Torrid or the Frigid Zone, or some wondrous away-off place, with no fair prospect or hope of success from their own energies and exertions, but depending almost wholly on a gentle smile from capricious Luck. Poor fellows! they find that Luck does not get so far from home.

Some less daring and more lazy loiter about home, drawl around town, or loll through the country, whose only trust or expectation is in a shuffle of Luck in their favor. They know they deserve nothing, yet with an impudence hard as brass they will pray to Luck for a "windfall," or a "fat office," or a "living," and foolishly wait for an answer. These are the men that make your gamblers, your house thieves, your counterfeiters, your gentlemen loafers. They are not men that originally mean any harm. But they believe in Luck, and their trust is in Luck, and they are going to have it out of Luck some way. They despised meanness at first, perhaps, as much as you and I do; but somebody told them of Luck, and they believed, and lo! they got duped. Little by little they went over to meanness, waiting all the while for a shake of the hand from Luck.

Some of the believers in Luck, of more moral firmness, dally with all life's great duties, and so do about the same as nothing, and eat the bread of disappointment. They do a little at this business, and Luck does not smile. They do a little at that, still Luck keeps away. They do a little at something else, they hear not a foot-fall from Luck. And so they fritter away time and life. These are the do-littles. Hard-working men they are frequently. It is with them as though they had started to go to a place a thousand miles distant, leading to which there were many roads. They set out at full speed on one road, go a few miles, and get tired, and so conclude to turn back and try another. And so they try one road after another, each time returning to the starting-place. In a little while it is too late to get there at the appointed time, and so they mope along any road they happen to be on till the day is over.

There is a bad philosophy in the world. Our boys are full of it; our young men are its victims; our middle-aged men have not outgrown it, and our old men can not make themselves believed on it. It is the idea that the good which man needs, comes, or may come, some other way than by wise application and hard industry.

Besides the moral evil and intellectual stupor which come upon the men who adopt this philosophy of Luck, their lives are embittered by constant forebodings of evil. Clouds overshadow them; blue spirits of evil gather around them; they occasionally have strange fits of laughter, and at times enjoy a delirious happiness, when

their natures break away from the cold load of doubt that is laid upon them. But they soon go back to the speculating, dreamy mood; they know not the joy of the man who trusts in his own good right arm; they know not the peace of him whose ambition is to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; they feel not the exultation of him whose life is a constant series of victories over the impediments which oppose his progress. The exuberance of the honest laborer's spirits is not in their hearts. Again, their philosophy breeds dishonesty within them. They crave a good they do not earn; they pray to Luck to give what does not belong to them; their whole inward life is a constant craving wish for something to which they have no just claim. It is a morbid, feverish covetousness, which is very apt to end in the conclusion, "The world owes me a living, and a living I'll have," and so they go out to get a living as best they may. They fancy that every rich and honored man has got his good by some turn of Luck, and hence they feel that he has no special right to his property or his honors, and so they will get either from him if they can. They look upon the world, not as a great hive of industry, where men are rewarded according to their labors and merits, but as a grand lottery, a magnificent scheme of chance, in which fools and idlers have as fair a show as talent and labor.

In my humble opinion, this philosophy of Luck is at the bottom of more dishonesty, wickedness, and moral corruption than any thing else. It sows its seeds in youthful minds just at that visionary season when judgment

has not been ripened by experience nor imagination corrected by wisdom. And it takes more minds from the great school-house of useful life, and more arms from the great workshop of human industry, than any other one thing to which my mind reverts. It is a moral palsy, against which every just man should arm himself. The cure of the evil is found in Pluck.

It is not Luck, but Pluck, which weaves the web of life; it is not Luck, but Pluck, which turns the wheel of Fortune. It is Pluck that amasses wealth, that crowns men with honors, that forges the luxuries of life. I use the term Pluck as synonymous with whole-hearted energy, genuine bravery of soul.

That man is to be pitied who is too fearful and cowardly to go out and do battle for an honest living and a competence in the great field of human exertion. He is the man of Luck, bad luck. Poor fellow! He lost his Luck when he lost his Pluck. Good pluck is good luck. Bad pluck is bad luck. Many a man has lost his Luck, but never while he had good Pluck left. Men lose their Luck by letting their energies eke through bad habits and unwise projects. One man loses his Luck in his late morning naps, another in his late evening hours. One loses his Luck in the bar-room, another in the ball-room; one down by the river holding the boyish fishing-rod, another in the woods chasing down the innocent squirrel. One loses his Luck in folly, one in fashion, one in idleness, one in high living, one in dishonesty, one in brawls, one in sensualism, and a great many in bad management.

Indeed, bad management is at the bottom of nearly all bad luck. It is bad management to train up a family of bad habits, to eat out one's living and corrupt his life. It is bad management to drink liquor, and eat tobacco, and smoke, and swear, and tattle, and visit soda-fountains, and cream saloons, and theaters, and brothels, and live high, and chase after the fashions, and fret and scold, and get angry, and abuse people, and mind other people's business and neglect one's own. It is bad management to expose one's health or overtax one's powers, and get sick, and take drugs to get well; to be idle or extravagant, or mean or dishonest. All these things tend to bring that evil genius which men call bad Luck.

But notwithstanding all these species of bad management, if one has genuine Pluck he can reform. The man of energy can quit his drams, and hold his temper, and bridle his tongue, and direct his life by the maxims of common sense. Moral courage is the right arm of reform. True reformers are the men of Pluck. All men should be reformers. Life, when properly understood, is one great work of reform. Reform is but another word for improvement, progress. Progress is life's business, life's duty, life's end. Luck is not progress. It is getting to the end without the journey; it is getting rich without making money; it is getting honors without deserving them; it is having good things without knowing how to use them. Such Luck is an evil. It is no Luck. Indeed, there is no Luck. Life's great good is wrought out, ay, wrought on, the anvil of industry. We can not cheat

Providence of its rule. Life is a vineyard, and men are rewarded in it for what they do and deserve. Talent and labor gauge the pay. Fortunes are *made*, not *won*. Wealth and honors are not a fortune. Give them to a youth, and he knows not how to use them. They will prove his ruin. Steal money, steal a million of dollars, and lock it in your own coffers, and with it you steal a curse. You will be poorer than before. No man knows how, or can know how, to use stolen money well. There is no receipt-book or commercial regulation in the universe by which it can be disposed of to profit. It must be a losing game. Wealth is not a good, money is not a blessing. The good lies in knowing how to use it. Honors are of themselves of no avail. They are not a good. The good is in knowing how to wear them. Where wealth and honors come unearned and undeserved, they are not a good, nor can they be. They are an evil, and work a terrible ruin. An edged tool in a mechanic's hand is a good thing; but in the hand of the unskillful it is a danger. A steam-engine in the hand of its master is a glorious machine; but to one knows not how to use it, it is an instrument of death. The generous and noble horse, under the care of his groom, is a most useful animal; but the man unused to such creatures had better let him alone. So it is with the things men covet in life. They are blessings only as they are wisely used. The good they confer is not in themselves, but in the using. To use them is the thing to learn. This can be learned no way except by patient application in their attainment and use

The rule is, to learn how to use wealth, we must make it; to learn how to wear honors, we must earn them; to learn how to enjoy pleasures, we must create them. Out of ourselves the good comes. The fountain is within us. If we would drink the water, we must draw it from the well. If we would have statuary, we must carve it; if we would have fame, we must do something to secure it. If we would live well in life, we must *do* well. If we would conquer, we must fight. Labor is the price of success. He who has Pluck to labor, and labor wisely, has naught to fear. Men may be what they would be, and have what they would have if they only will. All lies in the resolute will. The stalwart arm and the determined soul will work out life's greatest good. Good is in work. Not in the thing made or earned is the good, so much as in the making and earning. He who does the most is truly the wealthiest man. In activity is our bliss.

Idleness is death; activity is life. The worker is the hero. Luck lies in labor. This is the end. And labor the fruit of Pluck. Luck and Pluck, then, meet in labor. Pleasure blossoms on the tree of labor. Wisdom is its fruit. Thrones are built on labor. Kingdoms stand by its steady props. Homes are made by labor. Every man of Pluck will make him one, and fill it with the fruits of industry. In doing this he will find no time to wait for, or complain of, Luck.

Lecture Six.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

False Ideas of Theory and Practice—The True Origin of Theory—Theory is Built up from Practice—History contains the Germs of Philosophy—Theory is Sublimated Labor—Present Theories have been Developed from the Past—Phrenology—Christianity—Practice goes before Theory—Confucius—Plato—Socrates and Aristotle—Many can Practice, Few Theorize—Right Practice Natural and Easy—Truth and Falsehood in Life—Every Man should have a Theory of Life—Theory and Practice should go together—Spirit of the Age—To do Right is easy—False Ideas on this Point—Theory and Practice compared.

"It is one thing to preach and another, to practice," is an old proverb. It expresses the idea, that Theory is much easier than Practice. But it is a question whether philosophy would be willing to concede this point.

The proverb is old, and its origin may be easily traced. It was born of humble parentage; it grew up among the *common* people; it was the pupil's retort to the teacher when a hard problem was presented for his solution; the subject's reply to his king when strict laws were to be enforced; the people's response to the philosopher when the theory of a true moral life was presented to them. Times are changing. Things are not exactly as they were. The difference between the high and low of men, the learned and unlearned, the teacher and the student, is not so great as it was. The two extremes of humanity are approach-

ing each other; and when, they meet the proverb will be changed, and Theory will be considered harder than Practice.

When the world's teachers were few and its students many, when philosophers were scarce and the multitude ignorant and base, that multitude looked upon philosophy as something easy of attainment—looked upon the precepts of wisdom as costing only the opening of the mouth and a little pleasant use of the tongue—looked on sage advice as costing only a few breaths of common air; and the best theories of life and practice as being the delightful day-dreams of ease-loving men, who lived upon the hard labors of the many. Science cost nothing, they thought. Learning was a sort of God-given vision, which a lucky turn of fortune gave to some favored sons of men. Eloquence was a divine gift, denied the many. Genius was of the gods. All rare powers of mind were divine endowments, costing the possessor nothing. Such was the common view. Hence, when from the lips of eloquence, or the storehouse of learning, or the genius of philosophy, were issued the precepts of morality, the rules of correct living, or the religion of human duty, the common people, who could scarcely believe such a practice possible, exclaimed, by way of retort and excuse for their non-performance, "It's one thing to preach, but quite another to practice. It is very easy for you to sit up there in your easy chairs and theorize, but just come down here into every-day life, and you will learn the difference between Theory and Practice."

The proverb ignores the true origin of Theory, the night-toils of genius; and the hard, slow, weary, up-hill road to learning. Theory is born in hard travail; it is a child of long and painful labor; it is made in brain-sweat and toil; it is beat out on the anvil of thought. Vulcan never hammered half so hard for his iron instruments of torture and profit, as the true theorist for his plan of moral life.

Theory is the philosophy of things obtained chiefly from the crucible of experience, ay, and the experience of ages, too. Theory is built up on Practice—on accidental, spontaneous, natural practice—the practice of all men in all times. Men have always been doing right and wrong. They have strewn all through the march of human existence the elements of the true theory. The Hebrews, the Chinese, the multitudes of India, the Egyptians, Scandinavians, Tartars, Persians, Grecians, Romans, Northmen, Britons, the feudal men, and those of modern times, have been strewing the elements of Theory all through their long existences. Their histories contain the seeds of all moral philosophy. Who would gather up those seeds and plant them in the garden of thought, and combine, arrange, and cultivate them till they produce the true philosophy of life, must labor. Then, the life of all these nations, and all their hordes of men, is but one man's life lived under little different circumstances. The experience of the world is all compassed in the experience of one full-lifed man. The material universe, multiformed and myriad-like as it appears, is all reducible to a few simple substances, probably not twenty. So human expe-

rience, varied and million-fold as it appears, spread out on the wide map of the past, is reducible to a single life. To study oneself is to read the book of the race. To reduce the lives of mankind to a single unity, and to extract from that unity the essence of the whole; to obtain therefrom a simple formula that will solve the moral problems of humanity, is not the task of a moment, nor of an idle mind. It is not a small labor, simple as may appear the result. It is a great work of reason. To study oneself in connection with the race; to systematize and generalize the facts of all history; to compare government with government, action with action, nation with nation, code with code, principle with principle, and from the great chaotic whole to draw out one perfect, simple, sublime theory of right, and have that theory accord with one's own-life experience, is no small task. To go into the grand Pandora's box of the world and put it all in order, is more than ease-loving minds like to do. Theory is indeed sublimated labor. It is not the labor of one man, but of thousands. The best minds of all ages have been gathering the facts and evolving the principles upon which every correct theory of moral life is established. Each age of philosophers has taken the work of the last where they left it. Thinkers have succeeded each other in generations. Learning has had its successive schools. Thought has traveled from mind to mind. The true theory of moral life is the work of nearly six thousand years of human progress, and of millions of years of individual thinkers. Our age has not risen up of itself. It has grown out of the past. It is the

last step in the world's progress. And its correct theories are not the growth of a day in the world's calendar, but of all its days. Phrenology is a theory of the last ages; but it has been growing through all time. Its seed was planted in Eden. It did not bear fruit till the later ages poured upon it their ripening sunlight. The theory of the material universe which philosophy now receives, is the growth of the ages. The theory of electrical agency is apparently of this age; but it took all past periods and powers to perfect minds capable of its development. The theory of republicanism, which we deem just and right, is modern in its development, but world-old in its growth. The theory of morality and religion spread out in the Gospel is not even yet comprehended but by a few of the highest minds of earth. Many have practiced very near to it; but few have risen to a clear conception of the sublime theory itself.

And it will be ages before Christianity as a theory will be comprehended by the masses of mankind. They are approaching that sublime period of attainment; but they are far below it yet. Its Practice must be greatly improved before its Theory can be understood. No man can understand Christianity till he practices it. Its very theory is so interwoven with personal experience, and so ingrained with spirituality, that a practice of its precepts and an experience of its spirit are necessary to its intellectual comprehension.

Practice goes before Theory, just as fact goes before reasoning. Experience is the mother of Theory, and rea-

son is its father. Theory is the logical deduction of experience. It ripens out of Practice. Men could never have comprehended republicanism till they had begun to put it in practice.

It takes a multitude to Practice what one puts into Theory, and perhaps of all the multitude, that one is the only one that could deduce a correct Theory from that Practice. Confucius was the theorist of his country, and probably the only one of its multitudes who was equal to the theories he advanced. He was the concentrated power of his nation. Was his Theory easier than its Practice? Thousands could practice it; but one alone could evolve it. Plato was the sum of Grecian philosophy. He alone, perhaps, of all Greek minds, was equal to what he developed. Multitudes could practice it with an effort equal to that which he used in its development. Which was the easier, the Theory or the Practice? Socrates and Aristotle were theorists. Who in their age have originated higher conceptions of moral life? Many might have practiced them, with far less mental power than was necessary to conceive them. Which, then, was the easier? Take the moral philosophers of our day, who give the world its true theories of life; are their theories more difficult to practice than to form?

Many can practice them, few can form them. This is said of true theories, not false. Every crazy brain can produce absurd and ridiculous theories, as easy as many men can produce a rickety and wicked practice. The proverb which says, It is easier to preach than to practice,

means to preach right and practice right. It has nothing to do with false Theory or Practice. The false may be easily obtained, but it is dear in the end. Error is always in the market, and sold cheaply, but always at a poor bargain. It wears badly, and looks worse. False practice is plenty enough, and can be had on easy terms, but is terrible in its results; it ends most horribly. This discussion is on true Theory and right Practice.

We have said that Practice goes before Theory. This is true. Right practice is spontaneous. Men naturally love the right in practice. A right-doer is honored in all countries. The gods of the ancients were supposed to be right-doers, and men worshiped them spontaneously. Worship is natural. It is the embodied right that men worship, not wrong. The worst of men do reverence to virtue. All ages have bowed to goodness. The ideas of virtue have differed; but to virtue, as it has been understood, men have paid their best respects. The human heart is virtue's shrine. That heart loves the good when it acts naturally and freely. The child-heart is the best type of the natural man. That heart utters truth, and acts without art. It is simple, outspoken, spontaneous; it speaks the truth *naturally;* it has to *learn* to lie. Deception and fraud are the result of long practice and hard tutorship. We all have to study to deceive. We can be true naturally; we have to serve an apprenticeship to be false.

This spontaneity of good in the practice of men has furnished the facts for all true moral theory. Theory is

a web woven out of the threads of fact; these threads are the lives of men. Philosophy has wound them up from the whirling spindle of life, reeled them into skeins, warped and put them into the loom of reason, and woven them into the webs of Theory.

There is much that is true and much that is false in every man's life. The thread of truth must be separated from the entanglements of falsehood. This is the work of philosophy. Out of all men's lives something may be got to form a true theory of moral living. This theory is vastly important. If there were no evil, and could be none, Theory would not be so especially needed. Spontaneous action would always be right; life would always be true. But as the world is, Theory is needed as a guide through the perplexing mazes of temptation.

Every man should have a theory of life, formed in meditation and prayer, either by himself or by another. He has been so educated into much that is false, that unless he does lay down some fundamental principles, and build on them the structure of a moral theory, he will hardly be able to withstand the storms of life. To form his theory, he must go into his own heart as it was in its innocent days, as it is in its best moods, and see what he finds there. He need not seek for a new theory; an old one may be true. To understand a truthful one, he must study —study his heart, men, the world, history, providence, revelation, progress, and whatever enters into the moral life of man. The fundamental principles of the true theory are evidently in Christ's teachings. But these

must be understood and applied. In this work, man's intellectual nature will be developed. Reason is the pioneer of life. To theorize correctly is the highest work of reason; to theorize rightly on moral and religious subjects is the sanctification of reason. Men do not reason enough on ethics and religion; and this is the reason why it is so hard to practice as they know they ought. Practice is the fact with which reason builds Theory. Then Theory in turn guides Practice in the way of right. They are mutual helpers. To theorize well is to prepare for a noble practice. The rule is, that Theory and Practice are a united pair. They go up and down the earth together; they love each other, and seek to dwell together. This is the rule; it has exceptions. Some men have good theories and bad practice; but these are anomalies —monsters. To violate one's own theory, formed in the solemn hour of meditation, is a high-handed outrage. There are some who adopt good theories of other's forming, with little reflection and no consecration of thought, and then violate them, simply because they have never realized them, never sounded to the depth of their principles. Let men realize the true theory of moral life and adopt it as their own, and it will sanctify their lives. To meditate on business, science, mechanism, politics, and form theories on them, will indeed develop reason and empower thought; but to meditate on moral life, and form a theory for its direction, not only does as much, but it strengthens the moral sense, and prepares the man to embody his theory in life.

The great evil of this age is the dearth of sanctified thought. The intellect is not quickened by the moral sense. Reason is educated unmoralized. Physical science and life are the studies. Mechanism, trade, and politics have captivated the world. Moral philosophy is secondary. Our schools serve the intellect, and not the whole man; our graduates are educated intellects, not educated men; our professional men and statesmen are great intellects, not great men; our education often dwarfs the man while it makes the intellect gigantic. The intellect is only a part of the man. To develop the man is to magnify all his parts.

"'Tis education forms the common mind."

So the life of the age is more intellectual than moral; more material than spiritual; more sensual and worldly than religious. Here is the bottom of the evil. Let thought be moralized; let intellect be baptized in religion; let moral philosophy be the grand, captivating study, and Theory will quicken life, and Practice be in harmony with it. At present men love to think better than pray, simply because they are more accustomed to it. They are educated to think, and not to pray. The moral man is as easily educated as the intellectual. It naturally loves the right; and if that love be generously educated, it will pursue the right. When men are thus educated they will study for the true theory of moral life. Theory then will be noble, grand, powerful, and Practice will be easy and right.

About Practice men have a false impression. They seem to think it easier to do wrong than right. They are ever croaking about the difficulties of a right practice. This is a mistake. A good practice is not so exceedingly hard. Any man can tell a truth easier than a lie; can do a good deed easier than a bad one; can be honest easier than dishonest. The natural inclination is to do right, and it is easy to do right. It is not an irksome task, as some maintain—a sacrifice of all pleasure, a hard, doleful crucifixion of the natural man, to do right; far from it. Right lies in the straightforward path of life; error is in the byways and behind the hedges. To do right is both easy and pleasant. Rectitude smiles upon her followers and pays them well for their service. There is glory in the right, and every body knows it. To live honorably is to get the world's esteem; men know this. Why then do they not live honorably? That old theory, That it is hard to do right, has frightened them from an attempt to follow the true practice.

Many a man has given up in despair, just because he has heard the delusive tale that it is next to impossible to do right. Men are but children of a larger growth, and are just as easily discouraged. The common idea is, that geniuses only can be learned and useful men, and natural-born saints only can do right. The multitude are given over to ignorance and Satan. False idea, and wicked, too. If I wanted to ruin a child, I would teach him that moral righteousness is an almost impossible thing. The truth is, every body can be useful and good. The way of

right is not barricaded; it is the highway opened by God for his children to walk in. To practice the right is not to meet enemies at every point and wage a constant war against unseen powers; the war is in the practice of wrong. Enemies gather around the wicked; swords hang over the evil-doer. The just have nothing to fear. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;" "The way of the transgressor is hard." It is wise to practice the right; it is easy; it is pleasant. Discourage not him who would practice well; clip not the wings of the aspirant for a good life. It is wicked to put impediments in the way of him whose heart pants for goodness. See that young man: his soul is eager to practice righteousness; but a false teacher tells him that a thousand difficulties attend such a course, that the *Theory* of right is pleasant and easy, but the *Practice* is a Herculean task which few, if any, can perform. How his countenance lowers, his brow darkens; the light within him fades, and he goes to the practice of evil. It is true, educated as we are, there are difficulties attending the practice of right; but they are chiefly occasioned by false and early formed habits. Effort and self-denial are needed, but the recompense how great!

The sum is this. Theory is the reason of things, the plan of life based on facts which are the spontaneous practice of natural unperverted hearts; is difficult of attainment; is the grand problem of moral living; the concise statement of the formula of practice, and should be sought with unwearied assiduity by all. Practice

is that theory in actual life; is easily wrought when the heart is stout and the will is resolute; is that moral life which all honor, the good love, and which all may attain; is full of pleasantness and high reward. Practice is Theory in action. The few theorize; the many practice. Theory is the lesson; Practice is the school. Theory teaches; Practice reads. Theory is science; Practice is life. Theory commands; Practice performs. Theory is the general; Practice fights the battles, and wins the victory. They belong together, are halves of a golden whole; neither could live without the other. They are the rule and the work in the mathematics of life: let the rule be learned; let the work be performed.

Lecture Seven.

FACT AND FICTION.

Men Influenced by both Fact and Fiction—Facts Impress us First—Wisdom of Providence in the Presentation of Facts to the Child's Mind—The Use of Facts by Great Men—The Study of the Universe of Facts leads to Piety—Two Kinds of Facts—Material Facts—Spiritual Facts—Fiction—Dangerous Character of Fiction—Overdrawn Pictures—Figures Omitted—The Heart is Polluted First—Day-Dreaming—Literary Fictions—Tales not always Fictions—A Test to be Applied to Works of Fiction.

THE influences which shape the actions, direct their careers, and color the lives of men, are from two great worlds —the world of Fact and the world of Fiction. No man is influenced wholly by one or the other; some men are Fact-men, other men are Fiction-men; but the Fact-men are not all fact, nor the Fiction-men all fiction; neither lives wholly in his own world; each encroaches somewhat on his neighbor. Some men boast of being matter-of-fact men, but they do not always consider how much they give themselves to fiction. It is not our province to inquire whether Fact or Fiction moves men most. That they both influence men is a fact. There can be no doubt but Fact reigns first. The babe is born among facts. The child looks first on facts; feels facts; hears facts; tastes facts. The first world to which the mind opens is a fact-

world; the first impressions it receives are fact-impressions; its first delights come from a contemplation of facts, and its first sorrows arise from the same source. This is true of all minds. Mind first feeds on fact. The outward world is all fact. The sun, moon, and stars; the cloud, storm, and bow; the house, the dress, and the rose; the food, the toy, and the tool, are all facts. From these and our associates we get our first impressions. These lay the groundwork of human culture. The angels, for aught we know, commenced their being in a similar way. We know that all earth-mind does, and why not all heaven-mind? Is not creature-mind the same in all worlds? And if so, must not the foundation of its culture and progress be laid in a similar manner, and gathered from fact-material? This view shows that the material fact-world is of no mean service in the grand school of intelligence into which the Father has sent his family of children.

This world is a school-house, and its multitude of material facts are the apparatus for leading the pupil-minds onward to principles. Facts are the rounds in the ladder that leads up to principles. Back of all facts, and spiritually above them, lies the world of principles. Principles can not be learned first. The things which principles produce come first in the mental lesson. These things are facts. Facts are always results; they are effects of unseen causes. Causes lie in principles, and are not seen; nothing is visible but effects. Causes are concealed among the eternal things; the end of mental research is cause. That research must begin with effect. Hence it

is that we begin with facts. Hence it is that the fact-world is the first we see and can see, the first we can conceive.

There is infinite wisdom in opening the child's mind upon facts; so there is in delighting the youthful mind with the beauty, variety, and splendor of the fact-world. This material fact-world ought to be enchanting to the young mind. That mind was made for culture and progress, and this world for its school-house. If it did not like the house, it would not study; if the lessons were dry and uninteresting, it would not give attention to them; if there were not variety, and splendor, and amazing beauty, and interest in the furniture and garniture of the house spread around and through it for the young mind to study, it would do nothing for its development.

There is a beautiful testimony to the divine wisdom and goodness in the power of material facts over the human mind. This is seen when we remember that the mind is made for culture, growth, eternal progress; and, that being a created thing, it must commence at nothing and commence with facts. How Facts impress themselves on the young mind! How they engrave their images, never to be forgotten, on the plastic substance of the soul! How the grand pageantry of Facts which the Supreme Teacher is causing to move before us, stirs our souls to wonder and amazement, and awakens our powers to reflection and research! How Facts have appealed to the Newtons, Herschels, Humboldts, Miltons, and Franklins of our world! They have fed on Fact and grown strong. Ay,

they stand on the mountain steps of human progress, where their tall heads reach up into the clear sunlight of the world of everlasting principles. They have walked up to these immortal heights on the steps of Facts.

Facts are not intended simply for the childhood of mind. All through life we draw fresh nutriment from Facts. Not only is our common life built upon Fact, but all science is founded upon it. Men follow up the streams of Fact to their mountain sources, and from these deduce the conclusions of science. But to do this, Facts must be comprehended. Their depths must be sounded; their relations studied; their significance found. A natural fact is a word of God. To make it useful, it must be read. To read it, requires attention, study, research. The true and devout mind reads it; the dolt and drone make no attempt.

It has been said that "an undevout astronomer is mad." Can there be an undevout astronomer? He who reads the magnificent facts which God has written all over the sky, all through the blue depths of immensity, with an understanding heart, reads a volume of God which is infinitely glorious. There is devotion in such reading; there is aspiration toward God; there is culture, progress, mental growth. This devotion may not be so enlightened as it should be; but does not God look with complacency upon it? Do not the angel-hosts regard it with joy? Is not such reading a fit preparation for a deeper devotion and a grander mental glory by-and-by? Must not all fact-readers be thus preparing for sublimer realizations of piety and holier ascriptions of praise and adoration?

It appears to me that the geographer who explores the earth, the naturalist who collects and classifies the facts of the material kingdom, the agriculturist who studies and acquires a knowledge of the soil and growth of plants, the mechanic who applies material facts to the comfort and progress of life, are all doing a work well-pleasing to their Maker. They are using his facts for their proper purposes, and if not putting them to the best use possible, are still using them for good. If they read any part of the great book of God, and understand it a little, it will do them good. There is a divine glory in the physical sciences, and divine influences in their pursuit, which by-and-by will be more developed than now. So the facts of human history are valuable. They have their richly instructive lessons; they are higher than simple, material facts.

There are two worlds of original facts—the material and spiritual. The facts of human history are a medium between them, a sort of mutual blending of the two. The use which mind has made of material facts is here indicated; the different readings of the elder book of God are here recorded; the foot-prints of human progress are left on the sands of Time, as the foot-prints of birds and animals are on the rocky strata of the earth. They are important facts. History is strictly a science; it is built on facts. These facts should be studied, their meaning comprehended. Every fact in history has a grand significance; it is linked with the two worlds—the material and spiritual; is dual in its origin; is a growth of the past, a sequence of previous facts, and a cause of future ones. To

understand the facts of history is to comprehend the principles out of which they grow. So to understand any fact is to comprehend its causing principles.

Human history being dual in its origin, being the use which mind has made of material fact, is a higher study than material science: it is a step upward; its facts then are solemnly significant. The student of history should go to his task with a devout mind. Grandly interesting are the steps of human progress. The strides of nations have made large tracks in the fields of Time. Generations have made mighty highways on which they have traveled over the continents of human existence, and along these the milestones of their progress are set up as significant facts which the historian should read with a solemn interest and reverent mind. Every fact in human history is a word in God's providence. How reverently it should be read! There are also mental and spiritual facts, the facts which relate to man as a rational intelligence and those which relate to God as a primary cause and an omnipotent and omnipresent spirit. These are a tertiary order of facts, and can not be comprehended till the others have been read and studied in order.

First, material facts affect the mind; secondly, human actions; thirdly, mental and spiritual experiences. The steps are regular and natural, and operate alike upon all, only in different degrees. We first see and touch material things. We then contemplate and comprehend something of the actions, objects, and uses of our fellows about us; and these bring us to a contemplation of our experiences,

of what we feel, know, imagine. And this brings us at once to the borders of the world of Fiction. We deal with facts at first in their orders. These develop our capacities; or, rather, our powers of mind develop by the use they make of facts till they begin themselves to create another world or order of imaginative facts. These constitute the world of Fiction. When these begin to be created in the chambers of the mind, a new and powerful order of influence is brought to bear upon it; a new world is opened, and often an apparently lawless one; new powers are rapidly developed, new scenes are spread before the mind's eye; gorgeous prospects often rise before it; bewitching and bewildering forms and colors float around it, and entrancing beauties captivate its visions.

When the young mind first develops within itself the capacity to create an inward world of Fiction, it is often like a child with new playthings, or a little girl with her first doll, all delighted and taken captive. This is the period of early youth, a very interesting and a very dangerous period in every one's life. It is made both interesting and dangerous by the opening world of Fiction. With childish blood yet frolicking in his veins; with many sights and facts just imaged on his mind, with experiences fresh, and warm, and seemingly spontaneous, he feels a power within him to combine and arrange all his knowledge at his will, to create such scenes as he pleases, and live in such a world as his new tastes and desires may crave. And this power he puts to daily and hourly tasks. It is simply the power of imagination. We speak of it often,

but little think how grand and dangerous a power it is. It will create the beautiful or the hideous, the true or the false to Fact, the good or the bad, and do either with equal facility. And what it creates has much the influence of Fact upon the mind. It looks like Fact; it impresses like Fact; it is remembered like Fact. It stirs the mental powers like Fact; it awakens the passions, fires the desires, and causes emotions like Fact, and often becomes more vigorous and awakening in its influence than Fact itself.

The fictions of the imaginations are often more potent than facts, because they are exaggerations of reality; they bring before the minds of common life uncommon scenes. They are overdrawn pictures; too intense to be real, except in rare cases. If bright, they are too bright; if dark, they are too dark; if good, they are too good; and if bad, they are too bad for ordinary human life. Thus the stimulus they bring is unnatural and unhealthy; it makes common life irksome, common duties unpleasant, common pleasures insipid. It is often the case that, in youthful minds, the proper and virtuous feelings are burned up by this strange fire of Fiction, enkindled upon the altar of a wayward imagination.

In vicious minds these fictions are usually as intense as in virtuous minds, and are generally base, vulgar, and brutal, not to say devilish. Crime originates in the base fictions of the mind. Vice paints its own portraits, and hangs them on the walls of the inner temple. Lewdness has its fiction-pictures within. The inner fiction-scenery

of a wicked heart is more revolting than any realities of which the world knows any thing. Who ever visited a brothel until he had had a thousand brothel scenes hung in fiction-pictures around the apartments of his soul? Who ever committed theft, or robbery, or murder, till he had learned how in the fiction-practice of his heart? Who ever practiced art, deception, or fraud till he had tried the awful experiment in the secret recesses where no eye enters but God's? Fiction-wickedness is always worse than Fact. For the fiction is always successful and prosperous. He who draws a fiction-picture of fraud, puts no officer of justice in the background, no frown of an outraged conscience over it like a cloud of wrath, no lightning-glance of God playing through that cloud, and no wreck of hopes and peace in the distant shadings. These should all have been in the picture. And here is just where Fiction is false to Fact. When lust pictures its lewd scenes, it never gives a shadow of misery, a skeleton of wretchedness stalking away as the inevitable consequence of the career of lust. Vicious fictions are terribly false; if they were true they would be useful. For then they would show the live, triple-headed monster of misery, ruin, and despair wedded to the vicious heart. But they do not do it, but, instead, portray the beautiful form of Pleasure smiling upon the devotee of vice.

The very fountain-head of evil is in the fiction-chamber of the soul. That fountain is wide and deep; it is not found only in a few hearts whose outward lives are dark

and bad, but in many hearts, and perhaps I ought to say all hearts. Who would be willing to have all his fiction-pictures hung on his face for the world to see? Who in his heart has no scene of lust, passion, or pride before which his face would not blush with shame if the world could see it as he does. Then there is another class of fiction-pictures, not so bad as these, but bad enough, and too bad by far: the folly-pictures, the vanity-colorings. See how many young minds are literally crowned with the fictions of their own vanity, grand parades of folly. These are not true to fact; they leave out the shallowness and moral corruption of vanity, its utter baseness. Then they do not call it vanity; they give it another name—beauty, or taste, or dignity, or high-life, or respectability, or some other passable cognomen. Purify men's imaginations, or, in other words, make their fiction-views true to fact, and you would take off the plumes of vanity at once, and vice would be brought to close quarters very soon. We should soon have another world, and a better one by far.

There is still another kind of fiction-picturing which is a prolific source of evil; it is day-dreaming, revery, a letting loose the reins of thought to let the coursers steer where they will; it is a kind of mental chaos, or, more strictly, dissipation. I do not mean meditation, for in meditation the reins of thought are held steadily and firmly in the hands of the will. But in revery the will is dismissed from its post, the guards are all put to sleep, and away go the mental powers with the most active in

the lead at full gallop after—what? Why, nothing, absolutely nothing; or sometimes it may be a shadow or a ghost from the past, the shade of some buried hope, or some old disappointment, or some half-forgotten sorrow, or some vision of darkness never to be realized, or some unreal evil or sprite from the cell of fear, thus filling the mind with unpleasant shadows and unfitting it for active duties, for being happy itself, or making or even permitting others to be so. In minds that have realized much sorrow, or that are gloomy or ascetic by nature or education, or those of a fearful and foreboding cast of mind, this form of fiction-picturing is baneful in the extreme. It poisons and corrupts lives otherwise sweet and beautiful, and wastes powers and virtues otherwise useful and inspiring to others. Sorrows which are long past, and which have been sanctified in the soul for good, are thus revived afresh; the shadows of clouds that have passed away never to return are brought up, and trials, and troubles, and vexations never to be realized, are made as though they were. Many a mind has been all ruined by such gloomy reveries without any real cause, and many a soul beautifully virtuous has, like a star in gloomy nighttime, waded through clouds to its setting, having given but a fickle and feeble light. Other minds of an opposite make, this species of revery has elated to a feverish giddiness, a sort of lunatic intoxication. They have overdrawn the picture of life, overcolored it, overdressed it, made it a gala-day sport or a splendid pleasure scene. It has made them great, sporting babies, only not half so in-

nocent nor so pretty, because too old. Day-dreaming is perilous; it unbalances the mind and unfits it for duty, for improvement, for happiness. Day-working is better, whether it be in study or handicraft.

Fiction has assumed two general forms. The first we have considered; it is mental fiction, or the fiction we create in our own minds for our own contemplation. The second is the fiction created for others, untruthful and unnatural stories, the written dreams of distempered minds, or, in our words, *novels*. That can not be considered Fiction which is true to Fact. A representation of truth is not a Fiction. A story every element of which is true to common fact is not a Fiction. A tale which justly illustrates a principle, or a real life, or a genuine experience, is not a Fiction. In all these cases Fact would be fairly expressed and elucidated. A true picture is not a Fiction. It is faithful, reliable, and proper. For truth may be told, is expected to be known and studied. Fiction is false, not true to Fact, Fact distorted, Fact partly concealed, Fact in mask, or in some way changed so as to be essentially false. Fiction is not a direct falsehood made of whole cloth, but a falsehood made of patchwork, or a false coloring, or exaggerated statement, or deceitful representation that "leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind." It presents life, nature, fact in an unnatural, and therefore untrue, aspect. It is an expression of the possible, but not the probable. If Fiction was true to Fact, it would be for all purposes of mental culture as good as Fact. But just here is the evil of Fiction; it is

not true to Fact, and therefore the culture it imparts is not healthy. To read fiction and to feast on revery may impart to the mind a certain kind and degree of culture, but the culture is sickly and of doubtful value. If day-dreams were visions of nature, they would do the mind good. If written tales give us life just as men live it, truthful, impressive, with all its great lessons, they are useful. They recite before our eyes the ever-instructive story of life, and impress us with its varied and infinite uses. But if they discolor life, they are false prophecies and teachings, deceptions, hypocrisies, "old wives' fables." They corrupt the very fountains of thought and feeling; they pour poison into the mental chalice; they light unnatural and sinful fires on the soul's altars; they breathe the malaria into the spiritual atmosphere; they infect the garments worn within with the virus of moral death.

Bad things are fictions. Handle a serpent, taste poison sooner. In the youthful minds they are *ignus fatuus*, burning to deceive, a grand cheat inviting to conquer, a gilded charm seducing to kill. The world is full of written fiction. It is a steaming hot-bed of vice. It panders to depravity, and does reverence to the devil. It is basketed about our streets, huddled into our cars and cabins, pushed into our doors, spread before our children, and crowded into our papers and bookstores. These fictions multiply upon us like the swarms of locusts upon Egypt; and they are equally destructive. A novel is not necessarily a fiction; it may be a faithful picture of life;

may hold up before us glittering virtues, noble lessons of self-sacrifice, pity, and benevolence, and exhibit what man should most know, self-reliance and trust in God. Between such a picture and fiction there is a world-wide difference. One is written for good, as a sermon is preached or a moral essay composed; the other for aggrandizement, money, or to pander to passions. One is written from the heart of goodness to breathe its freshness into others; the other is written from the head of selfishness to dupe the young and giddy to praise and pay. A true novel is Fact in picture; a false novel is Fiction in mask. Between Fact in picture and Fiction in mask, who shall decide? Not inexperienced youth; not uncultured mind; but wisdom and sage experience. Here is a rock on which many a well-meaning sailor will split. Who shall tell him which is which? He may not heed the voice of wisdom. But this one rule may serve him well: Ask the *object* in every novel, and the *color* of the author's spirit. If both are good, such as God approves, read; and as he reads, let written fact with life's experience be compared well; then Fact on his soul will pour its stream of light, and Fiction cloud not its radiant face.

Lecture Eight.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

Two Influences—The Real and the Ideal—Mission of Each—The Material and the Spiritual—Our Alliance with Materiality—Duties Growing out of this Relation—Our Appetites God-given—We should Govern and Educate them—The Sensuous Nature sometimes becomes Master—Consequent Degradation—All Things Given for our Use—Wrong to Misuse Them—There is a Remedy for Every Thing—Christ and the Ideal—The Poet and the Prophet—Beauty of the Ideal—Aim High—The Ideal a Witness for Immortality—Every One should have a Pure and High Ideal.

MEN are acted upon from two sources, the Actual and the Ideal. It is right that they should be thus acted upon. The question to be decided is, How much should the Real and how much should the Ideal operate upon us, in forming our characters and molding our lives?

If only the Real influences us, we shall be gross, sensual, earthly. If only the Ideal operates upon us, we shall be vapid, visionary, and ethereal. We are suspended between the two antipodes. From one side pour in all the gross, weighty, and deceitful influences of the flesh—the appetites, lusts, and passions, with their commingled union and acquaintance with material and earthly things. From the other side come the ten thousand fancies, with their stories of pleasures untasted, beauties unseen, and delights unrealized, and all the gorgeous and alluring phantasies

that take being and form in the creative chambers of the imagination. Thus, between these two opposing forces, all men are suspended, like planets hung in the sky. Earth is on one side, heaven on the other; the material is drawing them one way, the spiritual the other; the devil holds on from below, while God invites from above.

Some men yield to the grasp of the sensual, and walk amid the gross sensuosities of the flesh, sink the animal down to the devilish, and bury the angel in the mire of corrupted earth. Some men listen to the Divine Voice, and, captivated by its unearthly sweetness, turn away from the realities of the lower life, and fly on outstretched wings to ideal scenes pictured on the retina of their souls.

There are two lives—one earthly, the other heavenly; one born of the flesh, the other of the spirit. Things Real minister to the first; things Ideal to the last. So there are two worlds—one the gross material, the other the refined spiritual. One is tangible and sensible, the other is invisible and ethereal. So there are two universes—one breaks on our outward senses, and its glory bewilders our eyes; the other shines only on the spiritual sight, and its beauty steals into and entrances our souls. One is outward, the other is inward; and they are related to each other as the nut and its shell, or the soul and its body. They correspond with and minister to each other. The material life gives substantial aspect and grandeur to the spiritual, and the spiritual imparts vitality and beauty to the material. That which belongs to the outward and visible life and world we denominate the Real; that which

rises before our minds, and glitters on the walls of the spirit's chambers, painted by unseen fingers, and touched by the exquisite radiance of ethereal colors, we call the Ideal. In strictness of speech, in philosophical exactness, in the last analysis, the Ideal would become in this view the most and only Real. Spirit is more real than matter; mind more real than body; life more real than form; God more real than the tangible universe. But sufficiently exact for the moral lesson we have before us, is the definition we have given.

That the Real should occupy its proper place among the objects of life, should engage its proper share of our time, and engross its due proportion of our attention, is most clearly the dictate of wisdom. In this state of being we are wedded to materiality. Flesh is our bride. Matter is our brother. Earth is our mother. We are related to our gardens and farms, our shops and ships. The rocks and trees are our kindred; the sun and stars greet us with fraternal smiles. We ought to feel a friendship for these things, and cultivate that friendship with the hand of a careful tiller. Our bodies are our earth-houses. To neglect them would be folly; to abuse them would be wicked; to feed them with kindly and judicious care, to clothe them with friendly comfort and affectionate taste, to adorn them with the rose of health and the form and color of beauty, to preserve them from danger and decay, are the lessons which wisdom is ever teaching her children. Our forms are of God's making; and if he deems them worth making, we shall deem them worth keeping,

and keeping well. Our appetites are contrived and made by Divine Wisdom and skill, and it becomes us to hold them as choice subjects of our guardian care. Our desires are divine gifts; it were base to abuse the gifts of love. Our marriage with the flesh was solemnized by God; it were ungrateful in us not to rejoice in the union, and seek to make it a pure and holy one. The propensities resulting from this union are its God-ordained offspring; it were infidelity in us not to hold these children as our own, and govern and educate them according to the precepts of wisdom and righteousness. Our appetites, desires, and propensities are right in themselves, and are worthy of our most careful training; we should not only receive them with gratitude as God's gifts, but we should delight in their proper gratification; for when we thus enjoy them, they minister to our higher nature, and are the waiting servants to our spiritual faculties. And this is their true office. They are innate powers, apprenticed for time to work for the higher faculties. They are low loves, designed as the embryos of higher ones. They are the seeds of immortal aspirations, planted in the soil of earth. They are the first loves of the child, and mingle more or less with all the loves of manhood, and form the rudimental types of spiritual affections. As servants, they are vastly useful. They awaken, inspire, warm, vivify, and empower all the higher loves. They apply material things to spiritual uses. Their objects of interest are material things. Their mother is materiality. Hence they link us with the outward universe. They attach us to things real. They

show us material beauty. Without these we should care little for the universe. Where is the value or beauty of *fruit*, without appetite? Where is the charm hid in the flower, without the idea of fruit that grows out of it, and the genitive love of which it is born, and the inviting aroma it throws out, and the material forms and colors it spreads.

Things Real minister to what we denominate our animal affections. And then these affections in turn minister to our spiritual natures. This is true when our sensuous natures are held in their proper spheres, and act in their proper directions, and in conjunction with our higher natures. But it is too frequently the case that our sensuous nature acts alone. It too often becomes the master, overpowers the mental faculties, establishes a strong tyranny in the soul, and devotes all the inner powers to its purposes. Sometimes a particular propensity rules, as in the inebriate, the libertine, the epicure, and miser. Sometimes the whole sensuous nature assumes the throne, as in the worldling. This is the more general form of evil. The sensuous nature rises and rules. Things Real become the all-absorbing objects of pursuit. Things to eat and to wear, for pleasure and show, for time and sense, become the all for which to live. The Real appears like the infinite. Earth glows as though it were heaven. The fruit which tempted Adam grows yellow before the eyes. Pleasure smiles as a goddess. Folly decks herself as though she were an angel. Show rears her gaudy front as though she were enduring substance. Sense takes the

place of soul. Matter puts on the crown of mind. The Real becomes the all; man, first a beast; then a brute; then a devil. Soul is baptized in sense. The springs of pollution rise in every propensity, and its waters overflow the fields of life. Then almost incarnate evil seems and is the once fair child of God, and its beautiful talents are trampled in the mire of moral corruption. This is the sad result of living for the Real. This is the abuse of material things, which the Scriptures denominate sin.

Every thing on this fair earth, and every thing in our fairer natures, were made to be used by us in our earth-life; and when used properly, with right motives and feelings, administer to our moral advancement and real happiness. To eat for the real objects of eating, is to beautify and strengthen our bodies and minds, and to quicken our hearts with grateful emotions to God. To eat for the simple gratification of sense, is to corrupt soul and body, and sacrifice the pure and high on the Epicurean altar To dress for the proper objects of dressing, is to cultivate a pleasing and elevating taste, to subdue an arrant desire for show which always appears in rude, uncultivated races and people, and protect and adorn, as God does his universe, the dwellings which he had made for our spirits; but to dress to catch the eyes of the world, and cheat mankind with a tawdry show, is a barefaced lie, a bald and foolish sin, sensual and corrupting. To engage in business from cold and selfish motives, from ambition, avarice, or sensualism, and hoard up wealth for the gratification of of these unhallowed passions, is a prostitution of talents

which is an abomination in the sight of God, and a burning sin and shame in man; but to engage in business, and honorably accumulate this world's good for the noble purposes of business, the development of our own powers, the support and comfort of ourselves and families, the advancement of social interests, and the promotion of the objects of benevolence, is one of the most efficient means of human elevation devised in the economy of Infinite Wisdom.

Things Real were made for good; but they may be misused. The manner of using is the all-important point to determine. If used for good, they are good; if used for evil, they are evil. But the first and most palpable office of things Real is to awaken and administer to sensualism; so that the constant danger in pursuing the Real as the object of life, is of becoming absorbed in this lower and material life; of being gross, groveling, and sensual. To pursue wealth with a constant and eager chase, is to expose our souls to the danger of forgetting its spiritual uses, and becoming lost in its sensuous glory. So of all pleasure, amusement, and station, all purely worldly objects. They often drown their devotees in their own waters. And this danger can be guarded against only by giving the Ideal its proper place in our affections. Hence to the Ideal we must turn as the antidote to the Real.

Every disease has its remedy; every sin a Saviour. When Christ would save the world from sin, he said, "Have faith." The world was bound to the Real. In that bondage was its sin and misery. He would break this sensuous chain, and break it by faith. The phil-

osophy of his exhortation was, "Turn, turn, for why will ye die in your bondage to sense? See, a new kingdom is set up. Have faith, and it is yours. Unbar the grated dungeon of sense, spread your spiritual wings, and come up into the clear, blue realm of faith, where all beautiful things cluster. Here ye may dwell in perennial peace and love; here ye may meet the graces of heaven and the virtues of earth; here ye may make an altar to the True, the Beautiful, and the Good; here grow the fruits of the spirit, and from the tree of faith ye may pluck them freely and joyously; here ye may enter the ante-chamber of God, where he will come and dwell with you."

Nothing is clearer than that Christ sought to turn the minds of men from the things Real, which so engross and absorb human affections, to the things Ideal, which take form and being in the cultured field of Faith. Faith gives existence to things that are not, but will be. It forms the Ideal of the life we should live; prefigures the good we should do; paints the virtue we should possess; the beauty we should wear; and the joy we should feel. Faith beholds in other and higher beings what we may attain, and what we ought to strive for. It writes in the heart the moral poem of life, and breathes through the soul the music of perfect moral harmony. The Ideal is the poetical; it is the world, life, beauty, and blessedness which the imagination creates as a prophecy of the possible and probable. It is the present order of things perfected; it is the chaos of the present harmonized in the future; it is order developed from disorder; peace

wrought out of war; life, pure and perfect, grown out of death. The Idealist is the poet, prophet, and child of Faith. The poet sees the perfect, beautiful, harmonious, and grand; the prophet contemplates results in their final issues, the future completeness of present things, rising to a higher and more glorious order of things; the child of Faith views the perfect and the prophetic as Real and attainable; so that the Ideal includes poetry, prophecy, and faith. The moral influence of these on life is pure, elevating, and spiritualizing. They counteract the down ward and narrowing tendency of the Real. They check the influence of material things. They stay the tides which set toward infidelity. They hold the glass to the dull eye of doubt; and show a God to the stupid comprehension of Atheism. They strengthen human vision, quicken reason, animate the spirits, enlarge the affections, widen the sympathies, deepen the emotions, elevate the aspirations, in a word, magnify and dignify all human powers. Take the poet alone, and he is vastly superior to the dull, plodding, purblind devotee of sense. He lives for higher and nobler purposes. His companions are the most beautiful things and beings that exist in nature, or people the realms of spirit. He lives in the blaze of beauty, surrounded by the perfect and companioned by the pure. The prophet is the poet baptized in the font of religion. He sees the Divine Hand moving among the worlds and nations, the divine law set for the purposes of eternal order and glory, and the Divine Judge administering the awards of justice and illuminating the grand scene with

the sunshine of mercy. The child of Faith is the prophet spiritualized. He sees another world within this outward one, another life below, or rather above, the sensuous, a beauty behind all Real things, eternal, undefiled, and glorious. He lives for the unseen, for the other world, and the other life. And that other world and other life are in and around him. He sees them in his mental visions; he feels them in his communions; he enters them in his prayers; he realizes them in those high modes of thought and elevated emotions, and those flights into the pure realm of spirit which he makes when he loosens his hold upon the Real and sensuous, and dwells in the inner sanctuary of his being. The influence of the Ideal is always toward the upper and inward world.

Whatever be our pursuits in life, the Ideal of our attainments is a close approach to what it should be. The youth's Ideal of manhood is likely to be high and noble. Every man's Ideal of success is good. The tyro in learning pictures the fair fields of mental culture rich in the blossoming fruits of knowledge, wisdom, and usefulness, and gazes at his Ideal life with ambitious rapture. The young artist has in his mind the Ideal creations of genius, which enthrall his imagination and inspire his soul to toils and trials which real things would fail to give him power to meet. The youthful patriot yields to a similar inspiration, and puts forth a strength of purpose and a heroic zeal in his country's cause which do him infinite honor. The zealous philanthropist is moved by the Ideal of benevolence which works upon his soul like a myste-

rious and divine charm, awakening within him a strong and glorious desire to do good unto all. And the Christian, inspired by the electric fires of divine truth and love, forms in the eye of his faith a life of divine beauty and perfection, for which his soul pants as the thirsty traveler for the water-brooks. The same is true of the men and women of all trades, professions, and callings regarded as honorable or useful in life. They form ideals of noble attainments in their several callings, and these ideals are becoming angels, inviting, urging, pressing them onward. It is true of us all in the journey of life. Our ideal life goes before us like a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night—a form of beauty and a blaze of glory for which we bear to live and dare to die. In that Ideal we have faith, perhaps not perfect, but more or less strong, and that faith prompts to action, toil, privation, sacrifice, and death. When Paul said of Christians, "we walk by faith," he expressed a great truth applicable to all men in a lower sense. Christian faith is the highest type of the Ideal. We all walk by faith. The only difference is in the object upon which we fix our Faith. The infidel and the Atheist who scoff at Christian faith are themselves walking by faith. In metaphysical principle it is the same. Faith is as natural as sight. The Ideal is as natural as the Real. They are the types of the two worlds, the material and spiritual. The little child walks by faith. I have seen a child that would throw itself from the eaves of a house, when its father standing below with uplifted arms and eyes, would say, "Come,

jump, my dear." Down it would come like a bird. It came on the wings of faith. Children live by faith even more than men, because they are more natural.

How often the little boy exclaims in joy, "When I am a man," and the little girl, "When I am a woman." It is the Ideal that glitters on their sight. It is the faith that sees the glory of a completed life. Does not the voice of age and wisdom bid youth set high its mark? "Shoot at the sun," is the sage advice of experience. And what does this mean, but that the Ideal be perfect, the object of faith shall be noble and high? "Aim high," our fathers have always said to us. Complete the Ideal, is its meaning. The nobler and more perfect the Ideal, the truer and higher the life.

Some laugh at the Ideal as though it were folly. But they are poor philosophers, and know little of themselves. In proportion as we check or corrupt the Ideal, we degrade life. When there is no Ideal, there is brutality. It has been said that "Man is an animal, and something more." That "something more" is his capacity to entertain the Ideal. We had better be dead than to annihilate the Ideal which we create within us. It is true the Ideal should be regulated by discretion. Judgment should guide it. Its lawless rule has given birth to superstition, fanaticism, bigotry; has peopled the past with ghosts, witches, fairies, naiads, and demons. But, with all its abuses, it is the symbol of human greatness, the instrumentality of human good, and the pledge of human redemption.

The Ideal, to me, is the natural testimony of immortality, the inward witness of spiritual existence, the corroborative voice of Christianity. Christianity is based on the unseen. Its glorious structure rises where eye hath not seen. Christianity is itself invisible, and belongs to the department of the Ideal. It is Real, but spiritually so. It is not a thing of sense, but of spirit. Its principles are not seen, but comprehended. Its laws are not felt by touch, but by spirit. Its step of progress is not heard by the ear, but by the understanding. It all comes to us by faith. It falls upon the inward sight. To be Christians, we must cultivate the Ideal. We must seek for the true in fact and doctrine, the right in principle, the perfect in morality, the pure in spirituality. "Seek first the kingdom of heaven," said the Saviour, "and all these things shall be added unto you;" that is, seek first for the correct in faith and the right in principle, or, in other words, make the Ideal right, and all things Real which you need will come as a natural consequence. Our first care should be for a perfect Ideal of life. When this is formed, our next should be to embody that Ideal. In doing this, things Real will take their proper places and perform their proper office in administering to our good. The world has committed two errors. The first is, it has given too great prominence to the Real, and sought it with too great and too blind an avidity. The second is, it has not sought to regulate the Ideal with sufficient strength of purpose; it has not seen the importance of purifying, elevating, and perfecting the Ideal life. Against

these errors men should direct their efforts of reform. The Real must not, and can not, be sought with impunity as the principal object in life. The Ideal is the first object of our righteous care. The forms that people our imaginations are vastly more important than dollars, food, or raiment, than thrones, kingdoms, or principalities. They should be pure and perfect. When they are, our life is modeled after them, and becomes the self-formed work of faith and duty which it should be, a blessing and joy to us and mankind, and an honor to God.

Lecture Nine.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

What Appears and what Is—We See the Forms, but not the Spirit of Things—Things and their Meaning—We Swim on the Surface—Immortality—Life and Power Lie in the Unseen—Things Change, Laws are Immutable, Nations Decay, but the Principles of Social Organization Remain—The Moving Power of All Things is Unseen—Degrees of Materiality—The Mineral Kingdom—Water—Air—The Gases—Caloric—Chemical Affinity—Attraction—Electricity—Silence of the Unseen Forces—An Eloquent Extract—The Unseen is Enduring—The Invisible should Reign over the Visible.

It is a trite old saying, and no more trite than true, that appearances are often deceitful. The world is full of illustrations of this remark. The sun *appears* to rise and set; but grave men tell us it stands still in the center of a family of worlds. The stars *appear* to move; but they, too, we are wisely informed, are fixed centers, fastened by the Almighty fiat to their points in space. The sky *appears* to be a vast concave of polished crystal; but this is an illusion of sight; for it is only the immense ethereal sea in which the worlds swim, as the fish in the ocean. The rainbow *appears* to be a dense and permanent arch of beauty, reared against a cloud of immovable substance; but philosophy etherealizes both the bow and the cloud. Fire *appears* to burn; but chemists would tax

our credulity with the assertion that it is caloric—an invisible substance, which produces the effect which we call burning. And when a combustible substance is burned, it appears to us to be nearly annihilated; but our Rabbis in science solemnly assure us that not a particle is lost.

We turn our eyes toward a beautiful landscape, and we *fancy* we see it; but, alas! it is not so. It is only the image of the landscape that we see—a shadow cast upon the retina of the eye. No human creature ever saw the earth or the sky, or any thing therein. It is only the reflection that we see, like that caught in the camera of the daguerreotypist.

Our bodies *appear* to us to be the same from year to year; but physiologists are bold enough to declare this a delusion; for so rapidly are we changing, that every seven years we become entirely new creatures, not a particle being left of that which once constituted our bodies. Man *appears* to die; but Revelation assures us that "all live unto God;" that the seemingly dead, "the absent," are "present with the Lord," *living* "in a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

We might call all heaven and earth to witness, that things are not what they seem to be in this lower sphere. There is something behind all we see that makes it otherwise than it appears. We look at the *face* of all temporalities, but do not look *into* them. We look at the face of a clock and learn the passing hour of time; but the moving power of that clock lies in the mystery hidden behind its face. We look at a man and admire his beauty

and power; but all of the real man is out of sight. He lives and works behind the curtain of flesh. The arm is strong; but the will is stronger. The arm we see; the will we do not. We are sensuous, and take sensuous views of things. Our senses are caught with the blaze of the outward. Sight allures us, and deceives us too; not necessarily, but because we rest in the visible. All things have their interior and exterior, their soul and body, their essence and life. We look on the exterior, and ask no admittance within. We see the body, and stop with that. We see, and stop with sight; we hear, and stop with sound; we feel, and rest in feeling; we taste, and end there. We do not push in.

The meaning of things is always behind them and invisible. A word and its meaning are two things. The word we see; its meaning we do not. A dollar and its value are two things. The dollar we see; its value is out of sight. A figure and its number are the substance and its representation. This rudimental life we now live is a grand system of Algebra. We work by signs. The Seen intimates the Unseen. In Algebra the known represents the unknown. In life we seldom work out the problem. We see the sign, the representative, and ask not for the represented. Every thing seen is equivalent to something unseen. But we seldom study the grand law of equivalents—some call it correspondences. If we were more spiritual we should do so.

We are not so much too sensuous as not enough spiritual. We are not too much acquainted with the Seen, but

not enough with the Unseen. We do not *see* too much, but *perceive* too little. We are little insects that swim on the surface; not great fish that go down among the clear, calm deeps in the everlasting ocean of waters. Being on the surface, every breeze dashes us about, every wind visits us roughly. We have no "abiding city," no firm resting-place, no "anchor sure and steadfast." The deep waters of everlasting truth are below us; their signs and symbols are flashing up in the sky above us. We see the signs, but do not read the truths they represent. We walk by sight, and not by faith. A few men in all ages have seen a little way into some things. That number is increasing. The sensuous life is calling attention to the spiritual. So it should. Men are more than they seem to be. "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" He is something great, glorious, and eternal. Every man has an eternal depth of life in him. He lives. This he knows. Who shall say he will ever die? Who shall prove that his thinking and loving shall ever stop? Who shall disprove man's immortality?

Men have reasoned wrongly on immortality hitherto. Immortality is not to be proved. It stands out a fact, of itself to be disproved. The burden of proof is on him who denies it. I know I live. Who will prove to me that I shall cease to live? Immortality is predicated on the Unseen. Things Seen pass away. The visible of man, his body, dies. We know this; but who knows it of the Unseen part of man? The Unseen is the real man. It is the Unseen that thinks, wills, loves, and enjoys. It is

the Unseen that has strewed the world with the monuments of human power, and written human history in blood and glory. It is written, "No man hath seen God at any time." It may be written also, "No man hath seen man at any time." Who hath seen the *Unseen* man? Flesh and blood are not man. Bone and muscles are not. Brain and nerves are not man. These are only the instruments he uses in this life to effect material objects. But the instruments are not the uses. The real man is back of them, behind them, Unseen. The fact that the instruments break and decay, is not a proof that the user will. When they are gone he may have other instruments—better, more lasting. Who shall show that man, the real man, the reason, the love, and the will, will die? Why is it that we stop at the Seen—the sensuous? Does not the Unseen within us remind us of unseen realities in every thing? The gem, the flower, and the bow are passing beauties which flash on our sight; but they are but three bright words, hieroglyphics, written by invisible powers, which ought to convey to our minds lessons of wisdom concerning the Unseen realm of nature. The gem, the flower, and the bow are short-lived, but not so the laws that made them. Those laws are Unseen, and doubtless eternal. We know they exist; who shall prove that they will cease? Their visible productions tell us they exist. Did they not exist before their productions? And will they not exist after? Their visible productions are temporal; they themselves are eternal. Other visible things are temporal also. The rock is an emblem of durability

in our minds. Its mountain shaft strikes us like a petrified eternity. But it will pass away. The elements, with their busy fingers, are carrying away its particles. The little rain-drops pick up and run away with its flinty atoms. The lightnings, with their red hammers, cleave off its masses. The winds gather up its powdered cement, and steal away unseen with their granitic burden. In a few hundred centuries the mountain is gone. But the everlasting laws of wind, and water, and chemical action remain. Their Unseen powers are fresh as in the morning of youth.

We sometimes think and speak of empires, nations, and institutions as enduring. And so they appear to us as we gaze at them for a moment. But they rise and fall like the dew of morning, by means of an Unseen power which lives through all their changes. They are the visible productions of invisible mind. That which produced them still lives, though they have ceased to exist, save in the memories of those who brought them into being.

We talk about our gold as enduring, though it may take wings and flee away, may wear away by attrition, may dissolve in liquid, be converted into base alloy, or disappear in many ways; but those Unseen forces which operate upon it, those mysterious affinities and repulsions in the great laboratory of Jehovah, still exist, still operate unchanged, and will through time, and perhaps through eternity. And those human powers, which gathered, used, and loved that gold, still live, and will continue to live, "nameless and eternal things." We build monuments of

stone, and iron, and brass, to tell the ages to come that we lived; but we ourselves shall see them crumble, and rust, and molder away. Our visible bodies, which we are accustomed to regard as immutable till the hour of death, are scarcely less changeable than the clouds, though our minds which inhabit them remain the same things, conscious of a continued and changeless identity, and, we are assured by Revelation, will continue that identity through the countless cycles of eternity. The stars, so beautiful on night's radiant brow, are subject to endless mutations, and science assures us that they will pass away, and appear in other forms, and as other worlds, subject always to the hidden forces that control their outward appearance. So it is; nothing *Seen* is permanent. From the dust-atom to the world all is mutable. "Passing away" is the mournful farewell of the visible universe.

But not so with the *Unseen*. All this mighty and endless concatenation of events is produced by Unseen agencies. Back of all we see, lying in endless activity and permanency, the moving forces of creation. The magnificent pageantry of visible things, from microscopic to telescopic wonders, splendid, powerful, enduring as it is, is all in abeyance to something hidden behind the curtains of sense, to the original and endless laws of the Unseen world.

Nor does durability alone belong to the Unseen. *Power* resides there. It is not the outward but the inward man that holds the key of power. It is not the arm, but the will, that is strong. It is not the body, but the mind, that

performs great deeds. Authority is not in the great frame, but in the great soul. The command that millions obey comes not from the Seen, but the Unseen man. Nor is this true respecting man only, but it is true respecting the universe. Through all material things the power that moves them is Unseen. This is contrary to common appearance, but it is nevertheless true. A little attention will make it clear.

Materiality has degrees running from the more to the less gross. It rises, as it were, strata above strata, from solid, inert, powerless earth, cognizable by all the senses, to that which rises to the very top of the sensorium, and borders close upon the precincts of spirituality. Solid earth, or the mineral kingdom, is at the bottom. This addresses itself to all the senses, and is of itself perfectly powerless. When at rest it can not move; when in motion it can not stop. It is powerless upon all other substances, save by the force of attraction, and that is an invisible power.

The next sphere of visible substance above this is water. This is cognizable only by the two senses sight and touch, and only slightly so by these. Water is a far more effective agent of power than solid matter. It often sweeps down its currents with tremendous energy, bearing before it the fairest productions of God and man. It bursts mountains asunder, upheaves the earth, carries the commerce of the world, and performs the labor of millions of artisans.

One step above water lies the ambient air, unseen, cog-

nizable only by the sense of touch, and this only to keen perception. It is almost wholly removed from the sensuous, yet it holds in its viewless grasp the storm-god's desolating weapons. How it plows the earth, rends the forest, rolls the ocean into tumbling hills, and shakes the mountain's solid base!

Next above the air, in the ascending scale of materiality, are the gases, half spiritual agencies in appearance, holding in their unseen hands the elements of uncomputed power. Among these we may take steam for an illustration. In this age of steam we know something of its force. The million engines it is driving are thundering in the ears of the world the strong evidences of its power. Steam is invisible; the eye can not detect it. In its unseen state it is mightier than ten thousand giants. Ribs of rock can not hold it; bands of steel it snaps like threads of gossamer. It is a giant unchained and unchainable. But in using its power it becomes visible, and the moment it is visible it is powerless. It wastes its power in making itself seen. Above the gases comes that indefinable, etherial, nondescript agent called caloric, more powerful than all below, holding material things subject to its mysterious and unseen agency. Mathematical science stands aghast in attempting to compute its power. Even the power of steam is the result of this ethereal principle. It holds materiality at its will. It has power sufficient to reduce the material universe to a liquid ocean of white-hot lava.

Above this, in nature's unseen and invisible laboratory are coiled up from sight the undefinable powers of *chemi-*

cal affinity, and how great, how mighty are they! The earthquake's shock, the volcano's belching fire and thunder, and many of the most astounding phenomena in nature's vast workshop, are the results of this unseen power. From the particle to the world lies the realm of its active agencies. The soda you drink, the soap you use, the medicine you take, the bread you eat, the lime and much of the material of which your houses are built, many of the most useful products, and beautiful and wonderful provisions and exhibitions of nature we enjoy at the hands of this viewless power.

Ascending one step higher we meet attraction, operating with the power of a God through all the universe. It holds the drop of water and the swinging world in its unseen hands.

Next and last in the material scale, at the very top of the region of sense, we approach the mysterious and awful power of electricity. So far removed from the sensuous it is, so subtile and so ethereal, that we can not but regard it as almost spiritual. We doubt not that it borders closely upon the spiritual world. Here the realms of matter and spirit nearly approach each other, if they do not meet. Who shall utter a voice that shall declare the extent and mightiness of the electrical agency? It is no doubt the secret spring of animal and vegetable life, the balance-wheel of creation, the secret wand by which mind, both finite and infinite, rules over the realms of matter. Electricity we can not see, feel, or taste. In its ordinary movements it is all beyond the region of sense,

silent, still, and grand. At times, it is true, in some disturbance of nature, it becomes visible, but the moment it does it loses its power. The moment we see the lightning's flash its force is wasted; its visible appearance is but the flash of its eye in death. Step, again, one flight more up, and we enter the realm of mind, altogether and always invisible. Eye hath never beheld it; ear hath never heard it; hand hath never touched it; it is back of and above all the senses. But oh, how powerful! Materiality is its servant. Mineral, water, air, and steam, caloric, chemical affinity, attraction, electricity, all do its bidding, perform its labor, obey its will. See these slaves of mind making the busy earth tremble and hum with the din of their wheels and engines. How true it is that mind is more powerful than all these; and that power increases as we ascend from the material toward the spiritual, proving that all power resides in the Unseen.

It may be well to remark that these unseen forces are altogether *silent* in the natural exercise of their undisturbed power. Here, again, we are often led strangely astray by appearances. We see no power in the silent puttings forth of the bud and blossom, the still progress of the growing forest, the calm affinities and forces which make the world teem with life, usefulness, and beauty in the quiet and faithful shining of the bright old sun, and the noiseless tread of the worlds through the fields of ether. But let a meteor fly wildly through the skies, let a volcano uncase its caldron of fire to burn the earth and paint the heavens, let the cloud send out its white-hot

bolts and seething flames, and we are startled and awe-struck in the presence of such powers. This is a false estimate. These are really only freaks of nature, disturbances in her forces, *weaknesses* which she exhibits sometimes in moments of disorder. What is a flash of lightning compared to that silent operation of the electric agency, which clothes the whole earth with vegetation, and fills it with the teeming myriads of living beings with which every continent, island, and element swarms. There is more power in developing a flower than a flash of lightning. Man can produce the lightning, but he can not the flower. An eloquent writer says, "The prairies waving with wheat, and the forests studded with oaks, make no noise; and the electricity which roars in the thunder-peal is not a tithe so powerful as that which sleeps in the light, and holds the cups of a drop of water in their liquid poise. The world's estimate of power gives greater prominence to that which upheaves and causes disorder. The eruption of a volcano, to almost all minds, symbolizes more strength and grandeur than the silent swing and radiance of a planet. If there could be some splendid confusion produced amid the serenity of the present universal order; if some broad constellation should begin to-night, to play off from its lamps, volleys of Bengal lights, that should fall in showers of many-colored sparks and fiery serpents down the spaces of the heavens; or if some blazing and piratical comet should butt and jostle the whole outworks of a system, and rush like a celestial fire-ship, destroying order and kindling the calm fleets

that sail upon the infinite azure into a flame, how many thousands there are that would look up to the skies for the first time with wonder and awe, and exclaim inwardly, 'Surely there is the finger of God!' They do not see any thing surprising or subduing in the punctual rise and steady setting of the sun, and its imperial and boundless bounty; and yet there is fire enough in the sun to spurt any quantity of flaming and fantastic jets. It could fill the whole space between Mercury and Neptune with brilliant pyrotechnics and jubilee displays, such as children gaze at and clap their hands. But the great old sun is not selfish, and has no French ambition for such tawdry glories. It reserves its fires, keeps them stored in its breast, spills over no sheets of flame from its huge caldron, but shoots still and steadily its clean white beams into the ether, that evoke flowers from the bosom of every globe, and paint the far-off satellites of Uranus with silver beauty." Thus silently sleep the unseen forces about us. So it is with mental powers. That which is showy and noisy is weak and childish, and expends its force in exploding. Noise has no power; the thunder never kills. The spiritual force of mind is serenely calm and silently grand. Newton, in the serenity of his study, gazing upon a rude diagram to read the invisible statute-book of God, is a more splendid symbol of power than a thousand brawling politicians or thundering religionists, startling the world with their humdrum eloquence. There is more strength of friendship in the silent clasp of the hand and the noiseless pressure of the lip than in the most burning words the

tongue can utter. And there is often more religion in the voiceless prayer of the heart and the deed of charity that no eye but God's can see, than in a thousand prayers and psalms that shake the sanctuary, and alms that stir the world to praise. Illustrated on every hand are the propositions that *durability* and *power* belong to the Unseen, that that power is *calm* and *silent* in the exercise of its natural missions. Have we not abundance of reason to believe that *unseen things* are more *real, enduring*, and *powerful* than the things which we behold? Do not the hidden things in our hearts, and the secret forces coiled in every thing around us, tell us of the positive realities of those spiritual entities and relations which Christ has revealed as existing beneath or within the vail of materiality? If so, why are we so material and sensuous in our opinions and lives? Wealth and glitter catch and hold our most earnest gaze. Sensuosities are the things we love. We spend our money and our labor for that which is not bread, and which satisfieth not. There is back of all this alluring, perishing sight-world a realm of beauty and harmony, infinite and eternal, in which our invisible powers of love and thought, of memory and faith, are to live for ever. The men we look on are but the masked beings which are to be real and present to us in other spheres. The living men we do not see. Wisdom admonishes us to look "within the vail;" the object of our love and care is there.

To live for sense is madness. To waste life on a man of straw or dust is folly; to live a butterfly's life is foolishness; to multiply sensual wants is to invite leeches to

suck out our blood; to labor for the visible in life is to sow and reap not. The flower of human beauty and the wheat of human harvest are unseen. In the realm of mind, when Reason is king and Love is queen, we should find the objects of life. To discipline and develop the children of the spirit, the immortal powers of our inmost being, is the true end of life. Not for the *Seen*, but the *Unseen*, should we labor, think, and hope. The visible world should be our field, and its garniture and all therein should be our implements. Sense should administer to soul; matter pay court to mind; time serve eternity; the *Seen* augment the glory of the *Unseen*. Over all that is sensuous should the spirit rule. Sublime is the beauty of a spirit enthroned in sense. How all the appetites, and passions, and lusts bow down in abeyance, and become beautiful in their garniture of humility and labors of usefulness! Every sense is a servant of the mind, and when held in subjection is beautifully useful. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Lecture Ten.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.

Character and Reputation Defined—The Ass in the Lion's Skin—Character and Reputation Compared—Men do not Read Character well—A Science of Character—General Correspondence between Character and Reputation—Reputation follows Character—We should not meddle with our own Reputations—Illustrations—Every Man Forms his own Character—It is not Made in a Day—Character is the Fruit of Culture and Discipline—Where Characters are Made—Washington, Franklin, Burritt—Character the Standard of Progress—Associations—Influence of Collective Character—Examples.

By *Character* I understand *what a man* is; by Reputation what he is *thought* to be. Falstaff was a coward; but he wanted the reputation of a man of valor; and if he had labored as hard for the *character* of bravery as he did for the *reputation*, he would have gained both.

Men often possess one kind of character and another kind of reputation. Some men possess white characters and black reputations; other men have black characters and white reputations. The ass sometimes wears the lion's skin, and when he doubles down his ears and keeps his mouth shut he gets the lion's reputation. But folding down his ears, sealing up his braying mouth, and covering up his donkey feet never so adroitly, will fail to dignify him with the lion's character. Philosophers in their day

are often thought to be fools, and genius is often nicknamed "crackbrains." The most rigid and literal readers of nature among the ancients had the reputation of being visionary, while the most visionary of their senseless mythologists were resorted to as oracles of the all-pervading Divinity. The history of the Christian Church, written in the blood of martyred saints, records a thousand instances of Christian character dying at the stake of heretical reputation; and the great Teacher, Founder, and Liver of the true religion died as a malefactor.

Character and Reputation, then, are very far from being synonymous. Character relates to the man, Reputation to the world. Character is personal property, Reputation is public domain; Character is capital in trade in a man's own business, Reputation is stock in public affairs which is managed by the community. Every man has a character and reputation, and between them there may be a beautiful and truthful correspondence, or there may be a great difference. Between Character and Reputation there generally is a greater or less degree of correspondence. Few are the men so fortunate as to be estimated at their true value. The plodding day-laborer is often estimated at not more than forty shillings, when he is worth his weight in gold ten times over, and the half of his value is not told then; while the pompous, bloated, professional man or office-holder is put down at a hundred thousand pounds, when his real value is only a few farthings.

Men are not always what they appear to be to the un-

practiced eye of the world. The reason why men's reputations differ so much from their characters, is because men are such poor readers of character and have such false standards of judgment. They learn to read every thing else—books, cattle, markets, merchants, nature, the signs of the times, but do not learn to read the language of Character. They have no literature elucidating the scenic beauties and varying proportions and relations of the man within. Nearly all men are Yankees in this respect—they guess out their neighbor's character. And such guessing—it ought to make all honest Yankees blush! The ass is guessed a lion, the goat a sheep, the dove a hawk, and the serpent a very clever fellow. Now the truth is, there is a science of Character which reveals to the proficient student the exact conditions of the inward man. There is a law by which the outward man is made a reflex or copy of the inward, by which the form and features are molded, by which the voice is keyed, the eye lighted, the countenance sketched, the head balanced, the bearing gauged, the step controlled, and every motion of every member of the body directed. There is a law which illuminates the outward man with the revelations of the soul, and sketches the character in the thousand minute expressions that fall in living language as from many tongues, from the constant and varying movements of the human form which is instinct with Character. The knowledge of this law is the science of Character. Whoever is a faithful interpreter of this science understands the characters of the men who pass before him.

And if all men were both theoretically and practically learned in this most beautiful and sublime of all sciences, our characters and our reputations would correspond; every man would be known as he is, estimated at his real value; deception would lay down her gossamer mask; the gaudy circumstances of life be assigned their proper places; *Character* would become the standard of the man.

But after all the ignorance of man in the language of Character, their native shrewdness will guess pretty closely at each other's qualities. If they are at first deceived, they will shoot very near the mark after a while. So it may be considered a truism, that men's reputations generally correspond very nearly with their characters. In some points they may be over-estimated, in others undervalued; so that after all most men stand just about at par in the market. They are valued at just about what they are worth in the long run.

Although philosophers have been called fools and knaves good men, these are the exceptions rather than the general rule. If one man is over or undervalued, the thousand will be very nearly rightly estimated. Then the inference is, that if a man would have a good reputation he must have a good character. The former is the natural growth of the latter. If Reputation is valuable, it is made so by the value which Character gives it. As the general rule is that Reputation depends on Character, its entire value is drawn from its origin. Hence Character is the all-important, all valuable matter of consider-

ation. Character, and not Reputation, should be the grand goal of human ambition. Character should be the inspiring glory that should burn on the mountain summit of human hopes Character should be the mark of distinction, the epaulette, the scepter, the crown of power, and the robe of redemption, for which man should aspire. This should be his honor, his religion, his life, and his heaven. Before his mind's eye should be placed the beautiful and divine proportions of a perfect Character, like that which crowned and consecrated the soul and life of Jesus. It should hang before his mind like a vision of celestial beauty, enchanting his love and stimulating his ambition. Before this ideal Character he should bow down in reverence. It should be to him a poem of divinest beauty, a harmony wrought into life, a divinity in its relative proportions and combined finish. This is the Christian's great advantage, that this ideal character of a perfect man is glittering on his sight and shining through his soul, the creative light of its beauty and power.

If Character is attained, its corresponding Reputation will follow. Reputation is the consequent of Character. A great Character will insure a great Reputation, a mean Character a mean Reputation. For a season a false Reputation may be bolstered up; but the Character in the end, like truth, will make itself known and felt. Reputation is important, vastly important; but it derives its chief importance from the inestimable nature of a true Character. The world places a vast estimate upon Reputation. In this it is right. But it errs in the way to secure it.

It seeks to make, build, buy, force, win, beg, earn a Reputation—to get it honorably if it can, but to get it. Its practical motto is, "Any thing for a blazing reputation." This is wrong in principle and absurd in theory. A strong and enduring reputation can not be established without a character on which to build it. An attempt to create for oneself a good reputation without a character, would be like attempting to make moonshine without a moon or sunshine without a sun. The truth is, Reputation can not be made. It comes of itself. It is the world's estimate of a character; it is what men say of men. He who runs about to make himself a reputation, runs about sowing folly-seed to the wind. He will reap a harvest of lean shadows of nothing.

One should have nothing to do with his own reputation. The more he attempts to look after it, the worse he will make it. If it is ever so pure, he pollutes it if he attempts to touch it. Reputation is always in the third person; Character is in the first.

Timothy Sanburn had the Reputation of being an honest man. Some villainous fellow circulated a lying report about him. Nobody believed it, and it did his Reputation no harm. But at length it got to his ears. He was wounded, and thought he must look after his reputation. So off he starts, fretting and foaming, to trace out the lying story. His earnest manner and phrensied tone cast suspicion upon himself. His neighbors began to think all was not right with honest Tim, and a brood of flying whispers and suspicions were scared on to wing

by his attempt to mend up his reputation. There was a way to mend it. He should have let it alone, and fortified still stronger his character. A man must never touch his own reputation.

Gilman Gordon was ambitious of fame. He fancied himself a great man, and he took great pains to convince the world of it. But the more he tried, the more every body thought he was a very small man. Had he gone to work with himself and formed a great character, the world would have taken good care to have honored him with a great reputation. But so it is, the very attempt to meddle with one's own reputation spoils it.

But I do not mean to say that a man shall not be jealous of his own Reputation. The merchant's, the lawyer's, the mechanic's, the day-laborer's Reputation is of immense value to each one. It is capital stock for each one's business. But each one must let it alone, or he will spoil it. But fortunate for us is it, and for our reputation, it is in our own hands after all. Our reputation is the fragrance of our characters cast into the world. Our characters are our own. They bloom roses or thornflowers, as we will. Every man forms his own character. He forges it on the anvil of life. He does not make it in a moment, but he is making it all the time. Hence he makes his own reputation. Both Character and Reputation, in this view, become his own. He is the author of both. And this is true of every man whose Reputation is just, or in keeping with his Character.

Now it is a mighty and glorious truth, that every man is

the author of his character. And the privilege of carving one's own statue, of giving an actual existence to the ideal of his highest thought of a man, of cultivating himself into his noblest conception, is second to none enjoyed on earth or in heaven. But a noble character is not made in a moment, or with little effort. It is the meed of constant and well-directed labor; it is the reward of industry in goodness; of faithfulness in the moral stewardship. Our minds are given us, but our characters we make. Our mental powers must be cultivated. The full measure of all the powers necessary to make a man are no more a Character than a handful of seeds is an orchard of fruits. Plant the seeds and tend them well, and they will make an orchard. Cultivate the powers and harmonize them well, and they will make a noble Character. The germ is not the tree, the acorn is not the oak, neither is the mind a Character. God gives the mind; man makes the Character. The mind is the garden; the Character is the fruit; the mind is the white page; the character is the writing we put on it. The mind is the metallic plate; the Character is our engraving thereon. The mind is the shop, the counting-room; the Character is our profits on the trade. Large profits are made from quick sales and small per centage. So great characters are made by many little acts and efforts. A dollar is composed of a thousand mills; so is a character of a thousand thoughts and acts. The secret thoughts never expressed, the inward indulgences in imaginary wrong, the lie never told for want of courage, the licentiousness never indulged in from fear of

public rebuke, the irreverence of the heart, are just as effectual in staining the character as though the world knew all about it. A subtile thing is a character; and a constant work is its formation. Whether it be good or bad, it has been long in its growth, and is the aggregate of millions of little mental acts. A good character is a precious thing, above rubies, gold, crowns, or kingdoms, and the work of making it is the noblest labor on earth or in heaven.

Professions, callings, trades, places are small matters. They are only shops in which to make characters. That is the noblest which turns out the best characters. If the farm makes a Washington, honor be unto the farm. If the tallow-shop makes a Franklin, praise be to the tallow-shop. If the forge gives the world a Burritt, let the forge be a place of distinction. If the shoe-bench has enthroned poets, philanthropists, and statesmen, let it be a seat of dignity. No calling or station can honor a man. A man is above a profession, or throne, or a crown. A true character is the onty adornment a man can wear. If he dotes on the bubbles of place and station, he lacks a true character. If place was a representative of Character, it would be vastly important. If the bar represented justice, the throne righteous authority, the pulpit religion, the counting-room honest trade, then would they demand our reverence. But they do not, or but poorly, represent them. They are trifles compared with character. Character is the source of peace or misery. It gladdens or glooms life, suns or chills the soul. It is the devil or the

angel to pierce or crown the man. It is his heaven or hell, the cloud of wrath or the glory of joy that overarches his life.

Sum it then as we will, Character is the great desideratum of human life. This truth, sublime in its simplicity and powerful in its beauty, is the highest lesson of religion, the first that youth should learn, the last that age should forget.

Reputation! Let it go; it will not be likely to get far from the Character. Watch well, make well the Character, and the world will see that the Reputation is faithfully established. The world loves to pet its good children and emblazon its good characters.

The value of Character is the standard of human progress. The individual, the community, the nation tells its standing, its advancement, its worth, its true wealth and glory in the eye of God by its estimation of Character. That man or nation who or which lightly esteems Character is low, groveling, and barbarous. Wherever Character is made a secondary object, sensualism and crime prevail. He who would prostitute Character to Reputation is base. He who lives for any thing less than Character is mean. He who enters upon any study, pursuit, amusement, pleasure, habit, or course of life, without considering its effect upon his character, is not a trusty or an honest man. He whose modes of thought, states of feeling, every-day acts, common language, and whole outward life, are not directed by a wise reference to their influence upon his character, is a man always to be watch-

ed. Just as a man prizes his character, so is he. This is the true standard of a man.

All these remarks are equally applicable to an association of men. In an association the whole character is made up of all the parts, or the characters of the individuals. They are all thrown together, the black, white, red, and mixed, and the resultant character is the alloyed compound. One liar will detract from the character of ten honest men, one drunkard will tinge with blue the character of many sober men. Satan is always surrounded with blackness.

Fifty men formed themselves into an association professedly for mutual benefit; ten were drinkers; thirty were indifferent; ten were abstemious. The two tens balanced each other, and the Character of the association stood *indifferent to the great virtue of temperance.* It being in a temperance community, this gave it a bad odor. The axiom of Christ was applied, "He that is not for us is against us," and so the Reputation of the association stood *against* temperance.

Another association of a hundred men was formed, professedly a reform association. Twenty of its members were profane swearers; nineteen were devoutly respectful toward God; sixty were indifferent; hence the Character of the association stood *in favor of profanity*, which in a religious community gave it an unlovely and grovelling reputation, and utterly destroyed its influences. Other instances might be named to show that the Character of an association is made up of the united character

of all its members. Some suppose it is the name, profession, or object of a society that gives it character. But this is not true any more than of an individual. Profession is a shallow vail, and is good only as it is supported by a corresponding Character. If a society would have a good Reputation, it must have a good Character; and its Character must not be professional or superficial, but based in the characters of its members. No man can be a good member of a good association and a bad man; for however much he may labor for the good of the association in its peculiar work, his character is a dead weight on his labors, and the reputation he will give the association will correspond with the reputation he bears in the community. Hence every association, like every individual, must stand upon, and be measured and estimated by, its Character. Character is, then, the "*sine qua non*" of human existence, of moral intelligence. It is that which wins human confidence, awakens angelic love, and secures the smile of the All-Father.

Lecture Eleven.

KNOWLEDGE AND CULTURE.

An Old Adage Controverted—Newton and Galvani—A Mere Knowledge of Facts does not confer Power—A Higher Knowledge Necessary—Knowledge is not Culture—Mental Gormandizing—We Read Much and Think Little—A Few Think for the Many—Knowledge chiefly Valuable as a Means of Culture—Knowledge easy of Attainment—Culture Difficult—Memory—Thinking necessary to Development—Responsibility—We are What we Make Ourselves—Means of Culture—Intellect and Conscience—The Mind, like the Body, is Developed by Exercise—Labor and Perseverance.

KNOWLEDGE and Culture are two objects of permanent interest; but they are very far from being of equal interest. They are to each other as means and end. Knowledge of itself and in itself considered is not of such inestimable value as many have supposed. It has been said that "Knowledge is power," but this is not strictly true. Many men of vast knowledge possess but little power; while other men possessing far less knowledge hold the scepter of a tremendous domination. One may know all the facts in the universe, and not be able to apply them so as to evoke their power and multiply sublime influences till his power shall be as universal as his knowledge. Another may know a few facts, and so understand their multitudinous uses, and have his own soul so wrought

upon by their rich meanings that he may possess a varied and resistless power.

One fact, and that a simple and common one, led out the mind of Newton to its sublime discoveries. One accidental fact stirred Galvani to the study of the mysterious and subtile agent that takes his name, and opened the way to the magnificent conclusions of that most stupendous and brilliant of the physical sciences. These facts known to other minds might have been as though not known. All antiquity had known that an apple loosened from its parent stem would fall to the ground with a force proportionate to its quantity of matter. And yet this is the fact that revealed the principle by which the worlds move in their march of eternal glory, and the universe is hung along the infinite spaces of immensity. All antiquity had known that a piece of glass or amber rubbed with the dry hand or a piece of silk would attract light and substances for a moment, and then repel them. And yet this fact was the opening door to the field of electrical discoveries. The same facts in uncultured minds had produced nothing. When they fell upon soil where thoughts were taught to grow, they were good seed, and sprung up and bore glorious fruit. Certainly it is not Knowledge simply that confers power, or is useful to man.

Knowledge is an acquaintance with facts. I may know that the trade-winds blow steadily from west to east; that the heated air in the equatorial regions rises and spreads out north and south, and that the cold air comes in to supply its place, and still be little acquainted with the

uses of these facts, and have little ability to read in all this the splendid plan of Divine Wisdom for heating, ventilating, and tempering the house of mortal men, for carrying the heated air north and the cold air south in our latitude, and bearing in its invisible grasp the vaporous burdens that fall in mist and gentle rain and washing shower all over the earth, to keep it clean and pure and make it nutritious. I may know that the ocean is salt without being able to read in this fact the benevolent uses of its saltness, that the greater saltness of the equatorial regions, occasioned by the greater evaporation in that hot climate, causes the surface waters to settle to the bottom by their great heaviness, so the surface waters from the poles may come in, while the bottom waters are driven toward the poles, causing counter currents in the ocean similar to those in the air, thus keeping pure the waters and equalizing the temperature of the earth. I may know the fact that the highest mountains of the earth are in the torrid zone, without understanding therefrom their causes and uses. The knowledge of the fact of their existence will not inform me that they are eternal ice-houses, reared there by the Almighty Hand, by causes which lie beneath the torrid girdle, to moderate the heat and irrigate the land of that sunburned clime. Then, again, I may know the physical causes and uses of all these facts, and not be able to glean therefrom their spiritual uses in developing within myself that world of wisdom and virtue which ought to exist in every mind. I may know my neighbors, their characters and habits, without comprehending the

various relations of mind to mind, man to man, a man to God. I may know a multitude of great men, without comprehending the secret of their greatness. I may know the different races, nations, and tribes of men, their histories, characters, and habits, and not learn from them all the value of a human soul, nor the way to make it what it may be in power and glory. It is not simple Knowledge that confers power or dignity upon a man.

There are men who can repeat half the history of the world, and yet have reaped but little benefit from their knowledge, have not made it the substratum of mental power, nor the means of culture or development. There are men who can repeat half the Bible, and yet are not theologians, nor religionists, nor even moralists or men of respectable parts. There are men who are learned in the history and letter of the laws, both common and statute, and yet are not jurists, nor respectable at the bar, nor yet as counsel. There are men who have learned the whole of a college course, and come out graced with a diploma and all the essential facts of a college education, and yet, in the graphic language of the world, "are born fools." They have got knowledge, but not culture. The minds of all such men are like dyspeptic stomachs; they do not digest the food that is put into them; they do not extract the nutriment of knowledge; they do not grow by what they know; neither power of thought nor strength of conception is increased by their accumulation of facts. Knowledge is the mind's proper food; but it is as often ill-digested as is the food of the body. We overload both our

bodies and our minds, and give them but little exercise; and both suffer by the operation. We are rearing a pampered race of people; soul and body are pampered alike. Intemperance is the crying evil of our time. It consists chiefly in the want of harmony between the use of food and drink and exercise. We eat and drink, and lounge and sleep. Luxury makes us stupid and effeminate. We have not the stalwart arms and vigorous bodies that we ought to possess with our unparalleled physical advantages. The same general fact is true mentally. Ours is an age of mental luxury. Knowledge hangs on every bough, and blossoms in every flower. We gather as we go. Books multiply upon us like the sheaves of autumn; we devour them and cry for more. We gormandize our mental dishes. Huge volumes that cost an age of thought, a lifetime of brain-sweat and soul-growth, are consumed as a few days' feast. We load our minds as epicures do their bodies, and make them equally effeminate.

Knowledge is not the most important thing. What is food to a dyspeptic? what is knowledge to a mental epicure? We read too much for our thinking; we know too much for our wisdom; we explore more than we put to use? we plow more than we sow; we gather more than we consume. We are a generation of mental gormandizers. We luxuriate on knowledge; we bloat with the richest facts of history and science; we read without reason; we follow our masters without thought; we have many readers, but few thinkers; many pearl-gatherers, but few pearl-wearers; many men of knowledge, but few

men of culture. Our thinkers rise upon us like new stars, a few in a century. The multitude run after them, and, like Lazarus, eat the crumbs that fall from their table. They follow them by instinct; they adopt their theories and accept their thoughts at sight. Calvin rose and thought. What a multitude swallowed his hard, rocky thoughts, as though they were digestible mental food! Wesley rose, and another multitude followed him, much as Mohammedans followed their prophet. Swedenborg rose in the North, and straightway a cloud of witnesses appeared about him to testify to all he wrote. Davis came above the horizon, and lo! an army follows in his train. So it is; men swallow whole what they eat, wheat or chaff, meat or bone, nut or shell. They do not masticate their mental food; they do not examine the facts they learn; they do not digest their knowledge. If they did we should not have schools of men, sects, parties, but one grand lyceum of individual thinkers; every one making his own use of his knowledge, forming his own conclusions, and working out his own kind and degree of culture. We read enough to have a generation of philosophers.

The masses of our people possess more knowledge than did Confucius, Plato, or Socrates. The Roman Senate did not know so much as so many schoolboys in our day. Very limited was their knowledge of history, science, or philosophy. Yet they were great men, of vast power, and rich culture. Their little knowledge was put to its best use. Every fact was pressed into constant

service, and its uses and meanings were all studied till it became a light in their minds, imparting strength and beauty.

Knowledge is chiefly valuable as a means of Culture. So far as it administers to this it does good. When it fails to do this it often does injury. In the hands of wicked and designing men, it is often an evil, or used for evil purposes. The men whose paths have been like simoon blasts among their fellow-men, have had great possessions of knowledge.

In our day Knowledge is easy of attainment. Every newspaper teems with information; books, rich in varied knowledge, are multiplied on the people's shelves. An hour a day devoted to the attainment of information for a few years, gives a pleasant daily repast, and will store a mind with a wealth of knowledge. The people are pressed with teachers. Every science has its professors and lecturers, its amateurs and masters, urging it upon the popular attention. When knowledge is so easily attained, there is great danger of people's minds becoming like huge lumber-rooms, where every thing is stowed away in glorious confusion.

Men will read as they eat, for the pleasure of gorging. There is a natural appetite for Knowledge in the human mind. That appetite must be gratified in wisdom, and even in moderation, or it is in danger of leading to mental intemperance. There are bookworms by the hundred in our world, who read much and think little. To me the danger of our age is not so much in over-reading as

in under-thinking; not so much in too much Knowledge as in too little Culture.

Ours is a galloping age, and the road up the old steps of Knowledge, which was once so difficult of access and travel, is now made gently inclining and pleasant, along which men can ride in their easy-chairs, inhaling the fragrance and basking in the beauty of the ascending highway. And our people seem to think *Culture* may be obtained as easily and quickly as Knowledge. But the truth is, it takes an oak about as long to grow now as it did a hundred years ago, and practical farmers have found that corn and cabbage will not grow much sooner. The same holds true of children and youth. It is hard making a man out of a boy under twenty-five years of the best Culture, or a woman out of a girl in less than twenty-three years. And if the Culture is bad it takes much longer. Experience has taught that the blacksmith's arm requires as much time to enlarge and strengthen now as years ago, and must strike as many blows. And it is doubtful whether a mind can acquire strength and culture with less thinking now than a century ago. Thought is the grand instrument of Culture.

Knowledge has sometimes a tendency to awaken thought and sometimes to stifle it. Bookworms are often very small thinkers. Most people imagine that a retentive memory is indispensable to a great mind and great Culture. Sad mistake. A retentive memory is a grand knowledge-box, but quite often stands in the way of Culture. And for this reason—the mind that remembers

every thing it hears, learns, or reads, has its learning always at hand, and finds it easier to use other people's thoughts than to elaborate thoughts of its own. He who has his food always cooked to his taste, seldom learns how to cook. The child whose parents furnish all the supplies for its wants at the mere asking, seldom learns to supply itself. Necessity is the mother of invention. The retentive memory never invents, but uses the supplies it has on hand, and always using these it never learns how to think. It becomes a parrot, repeating everywhere other people's sayings and sentiments. It is easier to repeat than to think new thoughts. It is easier to use tools at hand than to make new ones, and often pleasanter when the tools at hand are better than we can make. But using them does not give us the ability to make them. A retentive memory always has on hand, in its youth especially, better thoughts of others than its possessor can originate. Who, then, will object to its using them? But to use them is to put its own powers of thought in the easy-chair, and rock a lullaby to them. So it is generally with very retentive minds. Other people do their thinking, and hence they get none of the real benefits of thinking. As well may one eat another's dinner as do another's thinking. No man can be wise or great without hard thinking; no man can be well cultivated without systematic thinking. It is thinking that makes the man. To think is to develop; to think systematically is to cultivate. A parrot does not think; a repeater of other men's thoughts does not think; a mem-

ory that is the grand store-room of all knowledge does not think; books do not think; knowledge does not think. No man can think by proxy to do himself any good. Thinking is like loving or eating, every man must do it for himself to get the benefit of it. Every man is a separate intelligence, and must use the same means for his development and culture that he would if there were no other intelligence known to him.

Men may assist each other in Culture, but each must cultivate himself after all. Aids are all about us, but the power and the work are within us. Knowledge is one of the aids, and a great one, and if rightly used is of inestimable benefit. But it must be used with wisdom. The primary law of manhood and culture is that each man must make himself. Man is mentally responsible. Responsibility is at the bottom of our being. No man can escape it. The object of it is human development and culture. The most important fact for us to know connected with our being is the fact of responsibility—thorough, inborn, God-given responsibility. Its counter fact, scarcely less important, is that Culture is the end of creature existence. Man was made to grow, and not to stand still; to progress, not to remain "in *statu quo*;" to ascend to heaven, not to stay in the earth. And he was made to grow, too, by his own exertions. The ladder on which angels go up is the one on which he must go up, if he goes at all. His progress is in his own feet, or, rather, brains; his powers of mind are his talents, and for their use he is responsible to the Giver. "Thou

oughtest, therefore, to have put my money to the exchanger's, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury," expresses the great obligation of humanity. His money is our minds. The exchangers are the operations of those minds which produce thoughts and emotions. The usury is the Culture received by these operations. Turn it as we may, this is the grand, universal human obligation. It pertains to the whole mind. It is not only moral, but social and intellectual. Human life is a school, the spirit-world its college department. Men are, and are to be, what they make themselves; are to enjoy what they possess; to grow in the ratio of their wisely-directed endeavors; to shine by the light that is in them, as tapers, stars, or suns. This is the law. Men ought to know it. By this law the path of human destiny is glorious beyond conception. It rises slowly and securely along the way of life, ascends and still ascends among the hills of increasing thought and wisdom, mounting from burning height to blazing ones above, up, on, increasing still, ever grander, brighter, sublimer in eternal progress. It rises in proportion to human endeavor. Some minds, like the skylark, seem to go up in circling gyrations, singing, shining as they go on rapid wing, with steady eye and aspiring heart, fixed, as it were entranced in the ascending thought. Sunny, happy, genial minds are they, absorbed in just views and warmed with holy aspirings for spiritual Culture.

Every thing along life's journey is or may be the means of Culture. Books may be found in running brooks,

sermons in stones, and good in every thing. He who studies will grow; and one may study everywhere. The farm, the shop, the counting-room, the kitchen or drawing-room may be a place of study. Wherever mind is engaged in the pursuit of good, wherever its active energies are earnestly applied to produce a supply for human wants; wherever it strives to draw instruction from the wells of knowledge; wherever it is producing thought, exerting its powers in their legitimate and lawful spheres of action, there it is being cultivated.

The rapidest Culture is in originating thought. The profoundest and truest thinker possesses the most cultivated intellect. The ripest scholar is really the richest thinker; the moralist is a cultured man. To conform to the moral law, to bring the strong will to obedience, the obdurate heart to submission, to subdue the passions to the spirit of humility, to hold in check the impulses, and put the whole turbulent family of the soul under the reign of right, is the highest evidence of moral Culture. A true moral Culture requires a corresponding intellectual Culture. The intellect measures and sounds moral principles; conscience adopts them as the standard of right. Thus the two become mutual co-workers in Culture.

The socialist is a cultivated man. To bring the affections into harmonious action; to direct them to their proper objects; to so order them that one shall not oppose the other, and that all shall have their due exercise, is indeed a beautiful evidence of Culture; and when the affections thus work in faithful zeal and fervor, their Cul-

ture is rapid and their influence chaste and happy. In this wise development of the affections, the intellect develops the philosophy of their government, and the moral sense pronounces upon its righteousness, so that a general Culture proceeds from a wise activity of the social nature. Activity is the great law of Culture.

The mind grows as does the muscle, by its use. Knowledge cultivates only so far as it uses the mind in its attainment. Where Knowledge is gained by experience, by close research, or hard study, it is the great and most efficient means of Culture. But where it comes easily, as it were, of its own accord, it Cultivates but little. It is often the case that those who acquire Knowledge easiest, get the least of Culture in the study of life, and make but small men; while the plodding students, and those duller of comprehension, rise to great height and strength of mental power. The reason lies chiefly in the fact, that the former acquire Knowledge so readily that it affords them but little Cultivation, while the latter grow strong by every new thought, so great is their struggle to get it. A quick and easy power of perception and comprehension, though capable of every thing, not unfrequently hinders mental growth and culture, something as does a retentive memory. It can do great works in a short time, and so it works but little of the time. It thus prevents that continued action and steady labor which are necessary to great Culture.

Labor is the right arm of Culture. Persevering effort makes mind. Genius often sits down in the cool shade

to dally with itself, while labor plods steadily onward, acquiring strength with each blow till it too can stride onward, and with masterly speed and giant strength it leaves its weak companion far behind in the race of life. All youth should learn this truth, and learn to believe that they may be what they wish to be, if they will wisely spend the labor and time necessary to the attainment of the end. Labor and time are the elements of Culture. When life is filled with wise labor, both physical and mental, the soul departs enriched with a glorious Culture, as a preparatory step to a still more glorious Culture above.

Lecture Twelve.

THE ACTUAL AND THE POSSIBLE.

The Acorn and the Oak—The Possible of the Potato—The Seed and the Plant—Newton and the Apple—The Steam Engine—Priessnitz and the Water-Cure—The Pilgrim Fathers—The Actual and Possible of Christianity—The Actual may be Known, the Possible can not be Computed—"The Child of Destiny"—The Possibilities of Maternity—Hereditary Descent—Education—The Possible of Childhood, Youth, and Manhood—We have too Little Faith in the Possible—We Fail to Reach the Attainable—No Rest short of That—Men are Unconscious of their Highest Capacities—Knowledge and Culture Within the Reach of All—Eternal Progress.

THE Actual is what exists, what is. The Possible is what may be. The acorn, looked upon as the Actual, is only an acorn, with its shell and meat; a squirrel's dinner; the body of a child's top; the fruit of the oak. But considered as the Possible, it is an oak, with huge trunk and massive arms, and umbrageous foliage, and showering fruit; yea, more, it is a forest of oaks, a wilderness of those venerable kings of the wild, stretching over a continent, crowning mountains, covering vales, affording a lair for a thousand beasts, a home for millions of birds, and ship-timber for the world.

The Possible of an acorn is no mean matter. We can not compute it. It might cover with proud old oaks all the land of the earth; and if it could send its seed to

other worlds of congenial clime and soil, it might adorn them with its children, even till the universe was clothed all over, and every world had had its soil enriched with a thousand harvests of autumn leaves, and entombed within itself generation after generation of oaken boles.

What possibilities lie enfolded in the actual little acorn! It is instinct with life. It has within it the germ of an endless growth, if circumstances do not prevent it. It is a prophecy of future oaks, and forests of oaks in generation after generation. Who reads this prophecy will look reverently on the acorn—the Adam of a race.

It is so of all seed. An Actual bushel of wheat is a Possible harvest, a ship-load of flour, a thousand ovens full of bread loaves, the staff of life to generations of men.

The actual potato which Sir Walter Raleigh took into the British dominions in the sixteenth century, has proved that it possessed rich and vast possibilities. It has given life to a million of Irishmen, stayed full many a time the hand of famine, and blunted the edge of the sword of death. It has vitalized the Saxon blood and muscle, and contributed not a little to the wealth, power, and glory of England and young America. Sir Walter saw not the Possible of the Actual root he took home from mere curiosity.

Great possibilities lie coiled up in little actualities. The world is full of secret springs; we know not when we touch them; we touch them every day. Every step is on an unseen spring. Every Actual seed is a Possible plant and succession of plants in an almost infinite ratio.

And what is not a seed? An apple falls on Newton's head, and the accident proves the seed of a magnificent science which has been, and is, and will everlastingly be, shedding its light and glory in a universe of minds. That apple fell on a spring of thought; and the recoil of that spring lifts a universe into glory. It was an Actual accident holding within itself the Possible culture, development, and growing light and reverence of countless millions of minds. A little seed was that apple-fall, but it embosomed magnificent possibilities.

A merry devotee of Bacchus drinking off his flask of brandy threw it in reckless sport into the fire, containing a little liquor. Lying quietly in the coals for a few moments, it burst with a loud report. Wonder seized the reveler. A spring of thought was touched and the power of steam discovered. A strange, drunken seed to hold such glorious possibilities. Yet from that seed has grown the mighty engine that propels our commerce and drives our world of machinery.

A German boy crushed his finger, and to quiet the aching plunged it into a spring of cold water; the finger healed marvelously well; and now ten thousand men and women bathe every day in cold water, and as many babies laugh and jump in its liquid tides, while round the world are sung in verse and pronounced in oration the marvels of its healing and health-giving power. Who would have believed that such splashing, bathing, showering, douching, rubbing, sheet-wrapping, cleansing, health-blooming possibilities were coiled up in the German boy's accident?

Not long since Robert Raikes formed a little class of poor children to teach them on Sunday. And now almost every church in Christendom has its Sunday-school, the nursery of early piety, the recruiting office of the army of the Cross, the promise of the Church, and the hope of the World—a little Actual with a rich Possibility.

In the winter of 1620 there stood on the cold, bleak rock of Plymouth the little crew of the Mayflower. Viewed in its Actual aspect, it was a cheerless, pitiable sight. What sympathetic heart in the Old World would not have bled could it have seen that famished and wearied band of exiles as they climbed up that inhospitable shore, with the rolling ocean behind them which they could not recross, the wild, savage world before, and the cold winter gathering around them? Yet could the glorious Possible of that sight have burst on any mind, those forlorn strangers would have been pronounced the most fortunate and happy of their kind. Not a king in Europe but would have changed places with them.

1854 years ago Jesus preached his singular sermon, "Repent; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand"—that kingdom which he said was as a grain of mustard seed. Its Actual was the least of all kingdoms, the most unpromising of all enterprises—a lone son of a mechanic, from a despised village, rejected of the elders, despised of all the wise and great. Its Possible no tongue can describe, no pen foreshow, no prophet announce, no vision comprehend. It is to be the kingdom of all kingdoms, the consummation of all good, the triumph of truth, the universal

reign of right, the hallowed home of eternal love and peace.

The Actual and the Possible of things are wide apart. They bear not the faintest resemblance to each other. The prophecies that lie hid in the Actual no man may read; and when read, no man may wisely deny them. It is not safe to say what may not be. It is wiser rather to reverently conclude that all things are Possible with God. What he will bring forth conservative man may not predict.

What Possibilities are in a drop of water, a magnet, an accident, a word, a truth, an event, a life, a soul, no man knoweth. The future is hid. The Possible is God's secret. The Actual is all we may know at the time of its existence. The history of the outcomings of past Actualities should teach us to have a reverent faith in all things, to expect much of little, to look for power out of weakness, wisdom out of folly, holiness out of sin, glory out of darkness, and death out of life. If history teaches us any thing, it is to be believing, hoping, to have a reverent looking for something great and good.

There is a fearful danger hanging over many Actualities. Events that seem happy in the Actual are sometimes pregnant with death. There is an outcome to every thing. What it is we may not know till it appears. Yet events are not a little in our hands. The Possible of our lives is somewhat within our control. Our Possible destiny is much of our own molding. "The child of destiny," as Napoleon was called, was rather the child of his own

will. The Actual Napoleon, in childhood, could he have been seen as he was, would have predicted the Napoleon of manhood.

Childhood is a prophecy of manhood; just as an acorn is a prophecy of an oak. Parents hold their Possible child not a little at their will. The springs that move every power in his soul lie in them. They do much to mark his possibilities. Genius is made before birth. It is a bright parental gift. Mysteriously grand is the parent power. Who can tell how the mother's awakened soul, how a lofty mood of mind, a trance of love, a glow of faith, a vision of beauty, a resolute purpose, a flash of wit, may mark the mind of her embryotic child? What Possibilities sleep in the Actual power of maternity! It is a grand but fearful power. Could Joan of Arc have brought forth a child from the fresh, high inspirings of her soul, in its period of power and beauty, who can tell what Possibilities would have slept in its young soul? We undervalue maternity. It is the grandest gift of God to mortals. It embosoms richer Possibilities than any other. The short period of maternity has ages of Possibilities in it. Mothers should know it, and harmonize their souls for the exercise of their marvelous gifts. The mother-mind should be a model of what the child-mind should be. Thus her Actual mind will be the ripened seed of what its Possibilities will be.

Estates are not all that go by hereditary descent to children. The parents themselves go. They live again in their children. Not only their forms, complexions, and

features go to their children, but their powers and states of mind, their mental conditions; not, perhaps, in full force, but in part, at least. The parent is the Actual; the child is the Possible, growing legitimately from it. Men know not yet what Possibilities lie in the parent power.

After this parent power there comes the educational power—the Archimedean lever by which the soul is moved. And here the Possible stretches far away from the Actual. The Actual man is small by the side of the Possible man. The Actual child but faintly resembles the Possible youth. Let the child's activities be brought into harmonious growth, let every power of body and thought be brought out to its Possible harmonious extent, and how fair would appear the youth. His body, round, fresh, healthy, and fair, would be beautiful to look upon—a tower of strength, a temple of mind. His intellect, quick, penetrating, strong, would read its way through the dark passages and problems of life, as a rich scholar reads a well-written book. His conscience, sensitive, active, vigorous, would lay hold of the right with joy, point duty's way with ease, and sanction righteous actions with a priestly benediction. His affections, rich as Venus' love, yet high and pure, would shed a sunshine through his soul, breathing spring in its beauty among all its powers. This, then, becoming the Actual youth, the Possible man may be beauty and strength of body and mind harmonized.

Youth, as we have it, is a burning firebrand or a stupefied emptiness. It is all out of proportion, and put to-

gether as a cobbler's work. It is flabby, coarse, weak, indecisive, puerile, mawkish, not half what it ought to be, and might be. Actual manhood is equally below its right and Possible standard. The high-breathing soul and the warm-beating heart are not in it—are not as they should be, and might be. Men rest in the Actual, and think they must. They aim not nor strive for the Possible. The parent accepts the Actual child that accidentally comes into his arms. He educates it the Actual youth of fortuitous circumstances; and the youth grows into Actual manhood, as a potato grows, just as it happens to. In all this course the question of the Possible is perhaps never asked. The parent does not ask, "What may I make my child?" The youth asks not, "What may I make myself?" nor the man, "What may I become?" We are all less than we ought to be.

We have not sufficient confidence in the Possible: Poets, scholars, philosophers, statesmen, saints, good Samaritans, are all about us. Every school has its embryotic excellences, and might make a senate, a synod, or an academy of arts. The Actual blacksmith was the Possible Elihu Burritt. He rested not in the Actual. His soul yearned toward the Possible. So does every one's soul. He obeyed the yearning. He listened to the God-voice within him. All do not so. There is a voice in every soul crying for the Possible. The sinner weeps when he hears it calling him to be a saint. The sluggard is restless when it urges him to action. The ignorant is disquieted when from the hills of knowledge he hears the

cry, "Come up." There is a great unrest all through the heart of humanity, because the spirit saith "Come," and men obey not. There is no peace to the undutiful.

Every man feels that he is not what he ought to be, and might have been. He is not the master of his own inward domain. He rules not his own spirit. All along through life he has failed to hearken to the voice of the Possible. Little by little the false life has encroached upon the true. He has let slip many opportunities; he has wasted many hours; he has yielded to many evil suggestions; and amid the remembrances of all these failures, the voice still cries, "Come." And its cry is retributive. It is a partial punishment for neglect. Weak manhood trembles under it; age weeps and warns youth, while youth hears the cry and the warning, and still pays folly its daily visits. But youth is not easy. It is desponding and anxious. It hears the voice of the Possible, and wants to go up, up to honor, to usefulness, to harmony, and happiness; but it doubts its capacities, doubts its own constancy, and fears the labor necessary to the attainment of the goal of its aspirations. Little rest has youth; little rest has humanity. It never can rest till it heeds the voice of the Possible.

When a man feels that he is not what he ought to be, and might be, he can not be at peace. A wasted life is a bitter death. And in proportion as it has been wasted, it has bitterness. Few men are so self-complacent as to believe themselves all they ought to be. The spirit of good leaves not any soul. It may sometimes lie still;

but it never leaves. And that spirit avenges in part the neglect and sinfulness of our lives. This human sea is ever rolling, beating against its shores, and chafing its bottom, and ever will while the Actual of human life is so much below its Possible. Our only hope is in this restlessness. If we found peace in this low life, we should not aspire to a higher; if the false satisfied us, we should not desire the true; if the Actual met our wants, we should not crave the Possible. But how low is the actual life of humanity! Take our own civilized society. How few possess the current knowledge of our literature and sciences! How few of our people possess any thing more than a scanty, stingy culture! How few resist the open temptations to evil! How few base firmly their lives on great principles, live by great moral truth, and walk in the ascending paths of wisdom! How few are any thing more than a shadow of what they might be! Some attain a noble intellectual strength, but this is often so marred and weakened by immoralities as to prove an evil rather than a blessing. It is the unrestrained power of the steam-engine.

One cause of this low life is men's unconsciousness of their capacities. They know not the possibilities that are in them; they dream not what they might be. When men do develop themselves, they astonish themselves more than any body else. Men often have less confidence in their own powers than others have in them. The majority of us are self-distrusting. We lack moral courage and persistent energy. If we could reach our desires

to-day we would do it; but we tire at the thought of a year's labor, and are actually dismayed when a life of effort is contemplated. We are not hopeful enough. The Possible life does not stand bright enough before us. Our faculties need inspiring with brighter visions.

We ought to believe that we can be what we wish to be. Our faith should be a mighty power within us. Doubt and fear we should throw to the winds. Not by what we are should we judge what we may be. Time and toil win all prizes. Is knowledge desired? A life of study, of continued accumulation will lay up vast stores where moth and rust do not corrupt. All sciences will come and lay their treasures at the foot of the student. Their mines yield liberally to the searcher after their gold. Is mental culture an object of desire? It is not difficult of attainment; it is no recluse hid in some enchanted cave, to which unseen spirits lead the ambitious searcher. The wise, active, and energetic exercise of the mental powers will give it. Every youth, be he farmer or mechanic, rich or poor, a genius or a dull common-sense stripling, may obtain both knowledge and culture. They are hid from none; nor are they so very difficult of attainment. A few years of faithful effort will confer the boons. And glorious boons they are, revealing to their possessors the vast possibilities of their souls. Is virtue the coveted treasure? How ready of attainment! Everywhere in life may virtue be cultivated. Any virtue that a man really desires, he may possess. The highest order of virtues are the Christian graces. They lie with-

in the reach of all. Christ's life may be re-lived. The diamonds of his character may be set in every soul. The life of moral heroes, philanthropists, philosophers, and Christians may be re-lived by all of fair endowments. The true life is not above the mass of men. The riches of the divine kingdom are open to all. Common men and women may possess them. They may adorn the mothers, and sisters, and wives, and daughters of us all. They may give dignity, grace, and strength to our men. The men in humble walks may rise in dignity and importance by the magic power they possess.

Mind is a thing of progress. Use it, and it will grow forever. Exert it strongly and wisely, and it will soon stand among the sons of light, and ere long shine among the cherubim and seraphim. There is no limit to its knowledge, culture, virtue, growth, and progress. It is a deathless, immortal thing, instinct with Godlike capabilities. Its true life is angelic. Its false life is devilish. One urges up and onward, the other downward and backward. In every soul a light shineth, a voice crieth for the true life, for the mighty and glorious possibilities within it. The light should cheer up and onward the ascending spirit; the voice should encourage it. The Actual of itself and its life should seem to it only as a seed of its possible attainments. The true life is in progress. A day of no progress in good, is a day of false life. Every progressive moment is a moment of the life that never dies, the true, the immortal, the Godlike life.

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